

The Confederate monument on  
Capitol Hill, Montgomery, Ala.

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# The Confederate Monument on Capitol Hill

....Montgomery, Alabama....



Published by the Ladies' Memorial Association.

Edited by Mrs. T. M. Porter Ockenden.



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## DEDICATION.

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### TO THE BRAVE AND TRUE.

This little work has been done to save me from heart-break—out of the depths it comes, a slight token of love to my associates and friends. Its greatest merit consists in the presentation of the beautiful thoughts of others, the gems of oratory that are worthy of a more brilliant setting than these simple pages.

I. M. P. O.

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1861 - - 1900.

# THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

ON CAPITOL HILL, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

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CORNER STONE LAID BY PRESIDENT DAVIS, APRIL 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1886,  
UNVEILED, DECEMBER 7<sup>th</sup>, 1898.

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"THE SOUTHERN LAUREL WITH HER FRAGILE BLOOM  
WEEPS BY THE UNKNOWN HERO'S TOMB."

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ON the 7<sup>th</sup> day of December, 1898, was unveiled The Monument to the Confederate Soldiers and Sailors of Alabama. The noble shaft commemorates the heroism of man and of woman. It is the exquisite title page to the history of the Ladies' Memorial Association. It is finished after more than thirty years' labor of love, and has been presented with beautiful and touching ceremonies to the State of Alabama. It adorns the Capitol grounds, standing within one hundred yards from where stood President Davis when he took the oath of office and just outside of the windows of the chamber where the first Congress of the Confederate States assembled in the momentous year of 1861. It is a magnificent monument, its cost being forty-five thousand dollars, and is more aesthetic and graceful than Bartholdi's statue of Liberty in New York harbor. Its base is thirty-four feet square and consists of four layers of stone, with as many steps. These lead to four pedestals; on each of these is a statue, an infantryman, a cavalryman, an artilleryman and a sailor, each representing his branch of the service.

From out of the common center arises a 70-foot circular shaft, 5 feet in diameter. A bas relief, wrought in

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bronze around this shaft represents troops on the march. From this towers the pile of stone, 3 feet in diameter at its base, tapering to an apex of 30 inches, the height broken by two exquisite stone-wreaths of flowers, and surmounted by a Corinthian cap-stone with its coronal of pendant olive and acanthus leaves. Upon this pinnacle stands a female figure, also in bronze, typifying "Patriotism." In one hand is held a flag, the other a sword, as if a mother tendered the blade to her sons for her defense. This conception from the brain of one of the best sculptors of our country, Mr. Alex. Doyle, has been admirably executed and adds ten feet to the height of the Monument, which reaches fifteen feet above the State Capitol. Gracefully silhouetted against the beautiful skies of the Land we Love, in sunshine or in storm, the noble creation forever reminds Alabama of the men who fell in her defense. Truly this is historic ground. The memorial shaft fitly stands by the Cradle of the Confederacy. Here was born the fairest child of the Nations of the World, and here we pause to weep beside her untimely tomb. On yonder spot a single star marks where stood the first, last and only President of the Confederate States of America, and these whispering trees around us, transplanted from the battlefields, tell the sad story of Rachel among Nations, mourning for her dead. The Memorial Star was placed here by "The Sophie Bibb Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy and was the poetic suggestion of Mrs. Sallie Hails Janney, the daughter of Capt. Geo. Hails, one whose open hand and heart was ever ready to serve his country or his fellow-man.

The first call to erect monuments to our fallen heroes, issued by THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, met a proud response in the heart of woman and the deepest sympathy from the survivors of that unequal struggle. The first meeting for the purpose was held in the House of Representatives, Ex-Gov. Thos. H. Watts presiding. The minutes kept by the Secretary, Hon. B. F. Porter, of Butler county, are preserved in the archives of the State, at Tuscaloosa, Ala. Few remain who were present. Of these, General Jno. W. A. Sanford, of this city, is a notable example of the scholarly patriots whose eloquence was only equalled by their emotions upon the day of this sorrowful gathering in honor of the dead. The impoverished condition of the people and the dark days



of reconstruction hindered the work and it was finally suspended by these adverse circumstances, during the distressing time of military rule.

This, however, did not hinder the work of the Ladies' Memorial Association.

To return to the thrilling period when the Red Horse came with pitiless hoof and trod the Land of Flowers from the far blue mountains to the sea. Blood was spilt. The first wounded soldiers were met by women, who bound up their wounds and nursed them to health, thus serving as humane recruiting officers in the service of the State.

One of the best and loveliest of her kind, one whose memory "is fragrant as lilies from afar," a gentlewoman in every sense of the word, Mrs. Dr. Bellinger, the fitting lady of as courtly a knight as ever wore the *fleur de lis*, gave as a home for these wounded heroes two cottages on Bellinger Heights, where she and her dear companions met and ministered unto them. There was no organization, but animated by the same sublime spirit, they worked together with untiring zeal. Prominent among these was Mrs. Judge B. S. Bibb, who became known in the annals of the Confederacy as "Aunt Sophie." The work outgrew the cottages, where many a poor sufferer found comfort and strength for renewed endeavor, or closed their eyes under the pitying touch of gentle hands. Then the Woman's Hospital Association was organized to meet the greater demands of the troublous times, in the same year, 1861. Mrs. Judge Bibb was elected President, and remained in office until the close of the war. With her were associated the best and noblest women of Montgomery. The building on the corner of Bibb and Commerce streets, was fitted up for the Woman's Hospital and was the scene of their sacred labors. The Hebrew Society, of which our highly esteemed citizen and present Vice-President, Mrs. C. J. Hausman, was President, became an auxiliary of wondrous influence and co-operated generously in every department of labor and expense, until the fatal year of 1865, when the Hospital was closed. The benevolent task assumed such proportions that Mrs. Bibb, the President, whose gentle firmness fitted admirably for the position, applied to President Davis for assistance from the Government. This was readily granted and it became a

Confederate Hospital, afterwards reported by the Surgeon-General to be one of the best managed hospitals within our borders. Prior to that time, supplies had been given, all free-will offerings, by these worthy ladies and those patriotic citizens of Montgomery and surrounding country who brought timely and practical aid, and sympathy to the great undertaking and continued their generous donations, until alas, the arbitrament of the sword closed its doors. Among these Florence Nightingales arise a multitude of sweet faces; one of these is Mrs. Eliza Moore, prominent for industry and patriotism among those tireless toilers whose needles were as flashing blades in battle; Mrs. W. B. Bell, gifted as a skillful and patient nurse, whose presence made men murmur the names of mothers, sisters and wives, as these devotees bent over them; and thither went Mrs. Sarah Herron, Bible in hand, to read and pray with the sick and dying. Many such heroines are unrecorded on the roll of fame, but like the unmarked graves, scattered over the land, of holiest meaning, they have made the word Unknown! Five hundred sick and wounded have been nursed there at a time, and the carriage of Mrs. Bibb followed eight hundred to their graves. Many who toiled thus in their womanly way, have passed on with noiseless step to the Veiled Beyond. But their descendants may feel that the Monument commemorates the heroism of brave mothers as well as gallant sires.

The war was over. The soldiers had passed away to their graves, or to the ashes of their homes and these labors now became strictly memorial. During the latter part of the war Mrs. Bibb frequently talked of her plans for an Association when the war was ended, for the careful burial of Alabama soldiers who had fallen upon the various battlefields and for the erection of headstones over those buried in our cemetery. Among those whose sympathy was invaluable in what was, in those days, a task of herculean proportions, no co-laborer was more highly esteemed by Mrs. Bibb than her friend, the devoted Mrs. Dr. W. O. Baldwin, whose zeal was intensified by a great personal sorrow. These were intimately associated and oft took counsel together in regard to these sacred interests, up to the close of their beautiful lives. Within three weeks after the flag of the Southern Confederacy was

furled, in the execution of these long-cherished purposes, Mrs. Judge Bibb and others of those noble women who had co-operated so faithfully in ministering to the comfort of those who fought the bravest fight was ever fought, began to solicit contributions from citizens eminent for love of country, for this laudable effort. Our people, with hearts in accord with every movement to honor our illustrious Confederate dead, responded cordially. A meeting was called by the ladies at the Methodist Episcopal church on the 16th of April, 1866, and a Society, the outgrowth of the Hospital Association, was organized under the name of "The Ladies' Society for the Burial of Alabama Soldiers." The following is a reprint of the record of proceedings. Subsequent meetings were held at the historic old home of the President. This document, containing constitution and resolutions, was drawn up by request of Mrs. Judge B. S. Bibb, by Rev. S. D. Cox, (who became the First Assistant Secretary,) to be presented at the meeting for organization. Dr. Cox was one whose diversity of talents was only equalled by his patriotism and zeal, in practical service to the Association:

## "CONSTITUTION, RESOLUTIONS, &C.,

### OF THE

#### LADIES' SOCIETY FOR THE BURIAL OF ALABAMA SOLDIERS.

At a meeting of the Ladies of Montgomery, held pursuant to notice, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, on Monday, the 16th day of April, 1866, to devise ways and means for raising funds to have the remains of Alabama Soldiers, now lying scattered over the various battle-fields of the war, collected and deposited in public burial grounds, or elsewhere, where they may be saved from neglect, Mrs. Judge Bibb was requested to preside over the meeting, and Mrs. Dr. Baldwin requested to act as Secretary.

The object of the meeting was explained by the Chair; and, on motion of Mrs. Dr. Baldwin, a Committee of five was appointed by the Chair to consider of and report some plan that might best promote the object of the meeting, and to recommend the names of suitable persons as permanent officers of this Society.

The Chair appointed on this Committee, Mrs. Dr.

Baldwin, Chairman; Mrs. Wm. Johnson, Mrs. Judge Rice, Mrs. Dr. Holt and Mrs. Dr. James Ware, who retired and, after consultation, suggested the following names as permanent officers; and, on motion of Mrs. Wm. Pollard, they were unanimously elected:

Mrs. JUDGE BIBB, President;  
 Mrs. JUDGE PHELAN, Vice-President;  
 Mrs. Dr. BALDWIN, Secretary;  
 Mrs. E. C. HANNON, Treasurer.

This Committee, after suggesting permanent officers, reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That it is a sacred duty of the people of the South to preserve from desecration and neglect, the mortal remains of the brave men who fell in her cause, to cherish a grateful recollection of their heroic sacrifices and to perpetuate their memories

2. *Resolved*, That we earnestly request our countrywomen to unite with us in our efforts to contribute all necessary means to provide a suitable resting place and burial for our noble and heroic dead; that we will not rest our labors until this sacred duty is performed.

3. *Resolved*, That in order to raise funds to carry out the objects expressed in the foregoing resolutions, we constitute ourselves a Society to be styled "The Ladies' Society for the Burial of Deceased Alabama Soldiers," and that we solicit voluntary contributions for the same; and that we will hold in this city on Tuesday, the first day of May next, and annually on the first day of May thereafter, and oftener if deemed expedient, exhibitions, consisting of Concerts, Tableaux, Juvenile Recitations, Songs, Suppers, &c., &c, to be regulated and determined by Committees to be appointed for that purpose.

4. *Resolved*, That to carry out these plans, an Executive Committee shall be appointed, which shall have authority to appoint sub-committees and agents at their discretion.

5. *Resolved*, That the President of this Society, together with the present resident Ministers in charge of the different Churches of this city, and their successors in office, shall constitute a Committee for the purpose of keeping and making proper application of the funds raised by this Society:

6. *Resolved*, That any lady can become a member of this Society by registering her name, and by paying into the treasury an annual assessment of one dollar.

7. *Resolved*, That all Clergymen or Ministers of the Gospel shall be considered honorary members of this Society.

On motion of Mrs. Dr. Baldwin, the Chair was authorized to appoint an Executive Committee, consisting of ten—whereupon the Chair appointed the following ladies: Mrs. Dr. Rambo, Chairman; Mrs. John Elmore, Mrs. Wm. Pollard, Mrs. Dr. Wilson, Mrs. W. J. Bibb, Mrs. Hansman, Mrs. Mount, Mrs. Bugbee, Mrs. W. B. Bell, Mrs. Fort Hargrove and Mrs. James Ware.

On motion, the Society adjourned to meet whenever requested by the President."



Thus, on a yellow, time-stained record of that sorrowful epoch, when every woman wore mourning, in her heart or upon it; when almost every home had its vacant chair; is found thus solemnly associated together for a sacred work, the names of Bibb, Baldwin, Bugbee, Bell, Elmore, Hausman, Holt, Hargrove, Hannon, Johnson, Mount, Phelan, Pollard, Rambo, Wilson, Ware. Following these, in the early memorial dawn, comes the interesting roll of charter members containing other illustrious names.

In the year 1865, Mrs. Bibb requested Gen. Swayne, Agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, whose headquarters were in this place, to allow the Ladies' Society to retain the furniture belonging to the Hospital Association, in whose care Federal as well as Confederate soldiers had found shelter. Sixty prisoners of war brought from Shiloh received here the same care as our own soldiers. This request was courteously granted, but most of it had already been removed by the United States Marshal. The remnant was sold for \$ 8, and became the nucleus for the fund to be devoted to the sacred work of commemoration by "The Ladies' Society." The name was changed to that of "The Ladies' Memorial Association," as more expressive of its purposes. Under the administration of Mrs. Judge Bibb, headstones were placed over 800 graves, a monument erected in the cemetery, and many Alabama soldiers were buried on various battlefields. Considerable amounts were made and expended for the aid of needy soldiers and their families impoverished by the war. A few hundred dollars remained in the treasury, which was held sacred by this band of Southern heroines, to be devoted to the long-hoped for Monument to be erected on Capitol Hill. Every means suggested by the fertile brains of the ladies were used to increase the fund. Contributions came in from all portions of the State, from friends and natives of Alabama in distant States. There came one from far-off Nova Scotia, the offering of an Englishman. The same pages record a contribution from a faithful negro citizen, which, like the widow's mite, is valued for its sincerity, far beyond the number of figures; also a tangible token of sympathy from the Golden Gate—thus from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the electric current passed from heart to heart and by little

and by little, the treasure grew. Tasteful entertainments were given in various places—none of the popular modern dramas have been more successful than the theatricals managed by those ladies of wondrous gifts, Mrs. Goodwin and Miss Raoul, assisted by the best dramatic talent of the city. The musical geniuses of the place were brought into service by the performance of an operetta, presented by Mrs. Dr. Dudley Robinson, a marvelous composer and magician of the piano, whose talents were gladly given to a cause for which her brave brothers had given their lives.

The perfect costuming of the performers were works of fine art, evolved from the mind and hands of Mrs. Geo. R. Doran, whose swift fingers led her busy brigade of volunteer needle-women to achieve marvels of taste.

When the golden grain was again garnered by the brave men who had “turned their swords into plowshares,” thoughts of fallen comrades inspired man to renewed effort. “The Monument Committee” was incorporated Sept. 30, 1885, the incorporators being Gov. E. A. O’Neal, W. S. Reese, W. L. Bragg, Josiah Morris, Wm. B. Jones, W. W. Screws, W. W. Allen, Jacob Griel, Jno. W. A. Sanford, H. A. Herbert, J. B. Gaston, Thos. G. Jones, H. C. Tompkins, J. H. Higgins and D. S. Rice, W. S. Reese, Chairman; T. J. Rutledge, Secretary of the Board of Incorporators.

From the Daily Advertiser is copied :

### “THE FIRST SUBSCRIPTION.”

It was meet that it should be so. Among the noble women of Alabama none could have come forward with open hand and heart, and so thrilled the people, as she whose name heads the list of subscriptions to the soldiers’ monument, Mrs. Judge Bibb. “Aunt Sophy,” as the men and women of the war times call her, from simple love of her, writes a letter. Her head is frosted with the snows of many winters; her life currents have wasted beneath the suns of many summers; her step totters and her eyes look dimly on the world, and her voice is tremulous and low. But her heart is as warm as when she stooped in the noisy hum of day and the silent watches of the night by the dying soldier’s couch and bathed his wounds with a hand as loving as the prayer she sent to Heaven for the cause she mourns. Her sunset is near at



hand, and all its splendors are deeds of goodness and of charity, and many a soldier watches it with a tear in his eye and a prayer in his heart, and sends a blessing to her who in sickness and in death was the truest and the tenderest mother a soldier could ever know.

Mrs. Bibb's letter, accompanying her subscription of \$100, will be found elsewhere. Can a cause lag in the presence of such an appeal? The women of Alabama cannot read it and be still. 'I do not doubt the monument will be erected,' she says. And it will. Such an example will be followed and the patriotic men and women of Alabama will see to it that the work is not delayed, and that her dear old eyes shall rest on this tribute of their love and hers before they close in the sleep of the just made perfect. God bless her! And all her kith and kin, and everything she loves and all her days and every hour!"

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Oct. 1, 1885.

*"Hon. W. S. Reese:*

DEAR SIR:—Allow me to express the intense gratification I felt when I learned through The Advertiser that a corporate organization had been formed for the purpose of erecting a monument in the city of Montgomery to the Confederate soldiers who fell in our defense.

The names affixed, and the interest manifested by all who shared with our dead heroes, the perils and privations, and the gloom and glory of the war, give assurance of success. It is indeed, a noble call and should be nobly answered. It is most fitting that their comrades who breasted with them the storms of battle should rear this tribute to their memory. The pathos and sublimity of the sentiment which prompts it deeply affects me, and commands the admiration of all who loved our Confederate cause. In honoring them we ennoble ourselves. The place selected is significant and impressive. There a nation was born, and there let its grave be hallowed. My heart is thrilled with mournful pride when I recall the scene so full of rapture which transpired in February, 1861. There stood our illustrious President, Jefferson Davis, God bless him! with uncovered head before a vast throng of patriotic men and women and with reverential mien, and voice of concentrated fervor, rang out that solemn pledge, "So help me God." The picture is

still undimmed by time, and a halo of glory seems resting on that consecrated spot. These associations so sacredly cherished by our people will surely arouse their energies, and the women who ministered to our soldiers in hours of suffering will recall with tenderness and gratitude the self-sacrificing devotion of those whose deeds of valor can never be forgotten. Their faithfulness during the vicissitudes of war, as mother, wife, sweetheart, daughter, gives promise that they will continue their mission.

I feel assured that the women of Alabama will demonstrate their grateful love for those who have left us a heritage so great, that all the mutabilities of time can never destroy it.

I do not doubt the monument will be erected, and prove a sacred shrine where we may repair, and, forgetting the bitterness of the past, receive inspiration from the memories invoked to fulfill the obligations of the present and develop the possibilities of the future.

Your appeal has swept the chords of my heart, and though its vibrations are akin to pain, it gives me great pleasure to respond.

Please find enclosed check for one hundred dollars.

Accept my earnest wishes that your efforts in this noble object may be crowned with success, and believe me,

Very truly your friend,

S. L. A. BIBB."

Among other valuable papers which the writer has been privileged to examine, are found the following interesting letters:

#### COL. W. S. REESE'S LETTER.

"OFFICE OF THE ALABAMA SOLDIERS' MONUMENT ASSN.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Oct. 8th, 1885.

*Mrs. S. L. A. Bibb, Montgomery, Ala.:*

Your much esteemed favor of the 1st. inst., with enclosed check for \$100, as your contribution to the Confederate Monument Fund, has been duly received and would have been acknowledged earlier, but for the intervention of most urgent business engagements. For this liberal donation please to accept the sincere thanks of myself and the management of the Memorial Fund. Your patriotic letter has awakened a lively interest in this great cause throughout the State and will do much

to aid the final success of this noble work. The effort to keep green the memories of our gallant dead, has no more ardent and devoted advocate in the State than yourself and with such a sentiment as yours pervading the people, success in this grand work is assured.

Please to accept the assurance of my highest regard.

Yours very respectfully,

W. S. REESE, Chairman."

### THE LETTER OF CAPT. B. H. SCREWS.

"ROOMS HISTORICAL AND MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF  
CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., June 27th, 1879.

*Mrs. Sophie Bibb,*

*Dear Madam:*

Enclosed you will find the Resolution by which you were proposed to be the first honorary member of the Historical and Memorial Association of Confederate Soldiers of Montgomery County. If anything could add to the compliment which was intended to be paid, it was the rising vote and enthusiastic unanimity with which your election was made. I hope I may be pardoned for saying, that your family, distinguished, (as well as that of your honored husband) in more than four States, by all the noble and patriotic virtues that exalt mankind, have in you a worthy and illustrious representative.

It affords me sincere pleasure to convey to you this evidence of the estimation with which you are regarded by the surviving Confederates, and I beg that you will honor the Association by accepting the honorary membership which is hereby tendered you.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

B. H. SCREWS.

*Corresponding Secretary H. & M. Assn. of Confederate Soldiers."*

These worked bravely for the consummation of this unanimous desire of their hearts. It was under the auspices of and by invitation of the Monumental Association, and of the Ladies' Memorial Association, that President Davis visited Montgomery, April 26th, 1886, and laid the foundation stone of the Monument. The occasion is forever memorable. Mayor Reese spared neither

energy nor means, in the effort to make it worthy of him who remains the grandest man of the age we live in. The City and the State honored the effort which culminated in a brilliant success. It was the proudest day in the life of Jefferson Davis—aye, prouder than the day of his Inauguration as President of a peculiar people, for he was sought and brought forth from his retirement at Beauvoir, Miss., to receive the honors of an imperishable love. Stripped of every insignia of rank, in plain citizen's dress, with tears on his furrowed cheeks, he walked to the spot already made sacred by his footfall, surrounded by thousands of his old comrades, in eloquent silence, only broken by the sobs of women, while veterans who had grown grey in faithful service brushed away their poorly hidden tears. When he came again, he lay in Death's imperial calm, mighty still, a ruler in the realm of love. Deprived of citizenship here, he was translated to the Government which knows not change.

Shortly after these deeply interesting ceremonies, the Monumental Association, realizing that memorial work belonged peculiarly to woman and believing that the desideratum would be best effected by a transfer of their funds and their hopes into the hands of the Ladies' Memorial Association, they generously withdrew and deposited the amount of \$6,777 into the L. M. A. Treasury.

Mrs. Judge Bibb was denied, by reason of ill health, the pleasure of witnessing the touching ceremonies of laying the foundation stone in 1886, and President Davis, missing the face of his dear old friend from the ranks of the Memorial Association which was grouped on his left, called to see her at the old place on Moulton St., whose hospitable doors had often swung open to the brilliant Cabinet of the Confederate States. There a touching meeting and parting took place, for his race was well nigh run, and on the 9th day of January, 1887, she rested from her labors. Her daughter, Mrs. Martha Dandridge Bibb, so long her coadjutor and inspired by the same sentiments which have made the name pre-eminent, was the unanimous choice of the Ladies' Memorial Association to succeed her patriotic mother, and was elected to fill the vacancy at the first meeting after the death of the lamented President. To this office she has been re-elected from time to time and still with



untiring energy and devotion to its best interests, serves an Association which honors the State of Alabama and the memory of brave men and women.

The photograph and autograph of Mrs. Judge Bibb were deposited in the corner-stone of the monument, but a nobler tribute than this was paid by an ex-Confederate, who said of her: "Loftier and whiter than she ever dreamed of, for her dead heroes, is her own temple that she builded in the hearts of them that loved her."

Nobly has the daughter discharged the trust committed to her care. Slowly but surely has the Monument arisen and stands forth today, the ornament of the State. It was largely due to the energy and magnetic influence of Mrs. M. D. Bibb and other ladies on that committee that the fund for which the Association had so devotedly labored, was increased by the handsome donation from the Monumental Association, and three generous contributions from the State. Confederate veterans and patriotic men and women all over the commonwealth brought generous offerings and thus it became the shrine of the State of Alabama. The Committee haunted the legislative halls of the State with eloquent eyes and pleading lips, until their toil was guerdoned by success. It is sad to remember that one of these, Miss Jeannie Crommelin, the late beloved Secretary, who gave her best energies, even in failing health, to this last effort, lived not to see the realization of her fondest hopes, but joined the shadowy throng called up to the great unveiling.

Many thousand persons witnessed the glorious ceremonies which took place December 7th, 1898. The dreary clouds which had heralded December were lifted, earth's tears were dried, and the matchless bonnie blue floated from line to line of the exquisite dome which rounded above the beauteous figure which drew her harmless sword against the sky. Visitors from all over the South came to witness the unveiling. An impressive program was rendered. Spring flowers transformed the winter day and breathed of those whose spirits smiled on the scene. Floral decorations and chaplets of evergreen adorned the monument and legends of heroic song and story wreathed the gates of the old grounds and the doors of the historic building on Capitol Hill. Seats were arranged for several thousand hearers. Prominent

among these were the Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, The Ladies' Memorial Association, The Daughters of the Confederacy, The Daughters of the Revolution, and the representatives of the Press. Here let it be said that the aid of the Press of Alabama, in this work, is gratefully acknowledged. The gay attire of the military, the bright badges of the ladies, the pure white robes and Confederate sashes of the maidens who represented the Southern States, lent tropical coloring to the scene and contrasted vividly with the Knights in Grey, the Veterans and the Sons of Veterans, who came with full hearts to hear again the tale that is told of other days, wherein they helped to make history. On the platform erected between the Monument and the Capitol were seated The Ladies' Memorial Association, members of the Legislature, Gov. Johnson and his staff, the speakers and the actors in this triumphant scene.

The procession was formed at the now historic corner of Bibb and Moulton streets, Col. A. A. Wiley commanding, the military escorting the Ladies' Memorial Association and proceeding to Commerce street, from thence, bands playing inspiring marches, to Dexter avenue and to the Capitol, where cheers and booming cannon greeted the goodly cavalcade. The assemblage already gathered reached from the Capitol to the northern boundary of the grounds, and as far as eye could reach, men, women and children, afoot, ahorse, and in carriages, drew near to join the pageant that came with rolling drum and mellow bugle call. Intense interest held the expectant crowd.

At 12 M. Col. W. J. Samford, of Opelika, the Chairman, in well chosen and appreciative remarks, introduced Rev. Geo. B. Eager, the Chaplain, whose impressive invocation, to the Great Ruler of Events, from the depths of a sincere heart, was pronounced, during reverential silence, as follows:

"Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, Thou hast taught us to cherish our yesterdays, to 'call to remembrance the former days,' even though they be days of darkness, wherein we endured a great fight of affliction. Standing today under the shadow of a great loss, but in the light of Thy love, we realize that it is greatly wise to commune with our past hours. We come to recall our precious and immortal dead who poured out their lives



as a holy libation upon the altar of their country, verily believing that they were doing God's service. O, come to consecrate this completed and enduring monument to the memory of those whom we loved and cherish for their lofty devotion to duty and fidelity even unto death; who laid the heart of the South at the feet of God, with their wounds to tell the story.

"Help us, O God, to come in faith and with fit speech, remembering that Thou art God over all blessed forevermore, that Thy kingdom ruleth over all, that Thou sendest the darkness as well as the light, and that Thou hast given us 'songs in the night.' We pray Thee to imbue us with the spirit that actuated them and made their lives glorious, to help us to cherish the principles for which they died, and teach us in Thine own wise way the lessons of this hour and occasion. We recognize that Thy wisdom is higher than ours, and that Thy burning and purifying love is ever at work illuminating our ignorance, consuming the dross of our earthliness and bringing out the gold of character which is our true riches. Thou hast given us the grievous discipline of defeat and tears, Thou hast carried us through a long, hard schooling in a school where everything was difficult and there was constant clashing with our will. It has been bitter and hard upon us, O, God, and often when we sought light and help, it seemed at such cloudy distances that we could not realize its ministry. But we bless thee, O, Thou God, of infinite wisdom and love, that by faith we have learned at last that all is well because Thou hast done it, that behind a frowning providence Thou didst hide a smiling face.

"We bless Thee for a reunited country, for the loving hearts, the ministering hands, the loyal souls, and the beautiful voices that remain to us today, true to Thee and to duty; for young and old gathered here today to take loving and tearful and hopeful part in this new consecration. Be with those who shall speak to us and may they speak such words as shall help us and glorify Thee, and to Thy great name, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, we will give the praise forever. Amen."

Col. Samford then touched the key-note which was to bring forth words of burning oratory, following his own most thrilling introduction of the ceremonies:

*“Ladies of the Memorial Association, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

Borrowing an idea from another, if expression of my appreciation of being selected as Chairman on this occasion, were commensurate with the honors conferred on me, I should need a full measure of gratefulness in my heart, and brilliancy on my tongue. The measure of gratitude is not lacking, but my stammering speech, compels me to ask these good ladies who have thus honored me to be content with the assurance, that I mean all that is expressed by the good old Anglo-Saxon words, I thank you, for having given me this distinction, to be prominently connected with these exercises, that will take their place in the annals of this State, both because of their intrinsic interest and worth and because they transpire on these historic grounds where thirty-seven years ago a chivalrous young government took its position in line with the great nationalities of earth.

Born in the throes of revolution, its young proud ship of State was launched on tempestuous political seas, whose angry waves and raging billows rocked its infancy “in the cradle of the deep.” No friendly beacon light streamed across the stormy waters to give warning where maelstroms endangered, and rocks were submerged. Rather instead from storm-tossed waves, there flashed the lurid glare of the lightning of battles, and the deep bellowing thunders of war clouds came “sounding o’er the sea.” The dew was not off the grass, on the natal morn of the Confederacy, before this sunny land was one vast martial camp, and war’s frowning visage darkened the land.

It is not for me, today, to speak of the causes of the great revolution, nor to discuss the statesmanship and policies of that stormy era. But I will take a moment to say, in defense of those whose honor and valor are commemorated by that granite shaft, that they offered their lives, living sacrifices on the altars of country, in defense of that glorious product of this western world, the great right of local self-government, and in defense of the principles of the American Constitution.

Such sentiments are no detraction from the position of the Federal soldier—the differences are not under discussion now—much less are they disloyal to the sentiments of a restored union, and to a common flag. That

flag is now the flag of my country and your country, and beneath its shadow the interests and honor of all sections of this grand country repose in security.

This is not the super-serviceable cant, that considers it necessary to degrade the memory of the Confederate States, in order to exalt the Union—or to defy the New by anathematizing the Old South; sentiments born of that inspiration that “crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning.”

“The Old South” needs no defense, before a Southern audience. For more than a half century of the history of this government, the grand men of the Old South, on the battlefields of chivalry, illustrated the loftiest valor, and in the parliamentary tourney they magnified statesmanship—while Southern women, worthy mates of splendid men, reigned with queenly dignity in Southern homes and dispensed that royal hospitality that has been the theme of poesy and “the toast of history.”

To others more competent than I, has been assigned the agreeable duty of speaking of the valor and virtues of the Confederate dead. They will tell of the splendid generalship of the chieftains of the South. How the names of her Lees, her Johnstons, of Davis, of Stonewall Jackson, of Gordon, and a host of other great captains, by the blaze of battle were photographed on the frontest leaf of fame. How Jeb Stuart and Forrest and Alabama's own gallant Wheeler and Clanton, and others led their “rough riders” into the very jaws of death and immortality.

But they will be neglectful if in these memorable exercises, they forget him who carried the knapsack and musket, the bright boy who bowed his head for a father's blessing, and took his shield from a loving mother's hand with the Spartan injunction, “with this when the battle is won, or on it from the field;” the young father, who gently unlocking loving arms of wife and weeping children, turned his back on the happy home, on the vine clad hills, and took up his steady, stately march down the road to duty and to death, and by his glorious courage made a faded “grey jacket” a priceless heirloom in the homes of the South.

Yea, more, the tongues of Southern men will forget their cunning, when we fail to tell that the beauty of roses paled, and “morning sunbeams cast shadows” in

presence of the bloom on the cheek and the light in the eye of the homespun-clad girls of Dixie.

Some years ago I had the honor to offer some remarks at the opening of the bazaar, inaugurated by the ladies of the Memorial Association, to further the erection of this splendid monument. For years, without remuneration or recompense, other than the consciousness of a noble duty, these noble ladies have been working for this good day.

Somewhere I have read "that it is more blessed to give than to receive." That Divine utterance had a sacred illustration when Woman, anointed the head of the Savior, and washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair.

Humanity, I speak reverently, can make no nearer approach to it, than woman's sacrifice on the altar of unselfish devotion.

The gentle footpace, the soft touch, the tender words—oil in grievous wounds—and balm of consolation to breaking hearts, have enshrined the names of Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton in the hearts of humanity.

So, inspired by generous impulse, these noble women of the Memorial Association have enshrined in granite and bronze, the memory of the Confederate dead; that memory will be green when granite has crumbled and bronze has corroded around the apex of that splendid shaft, kissed by the first rays of the rising sun, there will forever linger a halo, in memory of the loving hands that reared this shaft and of the unselfish devotion that inspired it. They have reared a noble monument to the memory of the Confederate dead, and in doing so, have safely perpetuated their own glorious memory and worth."

At the conclusion of this eloquent prologue, Miss Annie Gorman, one of the sweetest singers of Montgomery, and the daughter of an ex-Confederate, dressed in Confederate Grey, sang "Dixie," accompanied by the Second Regiment Band. The old song, so dear to men and maids of long ago, touched many a tender memory of lads who marched away and lassies sweet who waved the snowy kerchief of farewell. When the applause had died away, one arose who was a boy in years, and yet a man of might in those mighty days, and thrilled each heart, as he recounted and reviewed the times he helped to make glorious—Hon. T. G. Jones, the talented Ex-Governor of the State of Alabama.



## ORATION.

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The orator of the day was here fittingly introduced by Hon. W. J. Samford, the Chairman, and said :

*“Revered Women and Fellow Countrymen :*

Deep and indefinable emotions and throngs of stern and tender memories stir our hearts, and fill our souls and minds, as we stand upon this sacred spot, and drink in the sublimity and significance of this august hour. No human tongue can give fit expression to your exalted thoughts.

Who today can forget that other day, when the man whose only sin was we made him leader, was borne in triumph, by the love of his people, from his home by the sea to his old Capital, while the world looked on, and learned that the people for whom he suffered had neither forgotten nor deserted him, in the hour of adversity. What orator or painter can depict the thrilling moment when the aged prisoner of Fortress Monroe, erect, unfettered, sustained by the love of his people, amidst the thunder of cannon and the acclaim of the multitude, laid the corner-stone of this monument, erected here by authority of a State, while the troops saluted with rolling drums, drooped colors and presented arms, and veterans and people, heads all bare, did him honor.

There was one, above all others, who did him reverence, then. Who that saw her, at that supreme moment, can shut out the vision of the winsome daughter at his side? This tender shoot of his own vine, the child of his exile and retirement, had not known the people's hearts. As the full meaning of the scene burst upon her, the glorious face of this fair young girl, lit with filial love, grew brighter and brighter, until a halo shone about her, and she seemed transformed to a seraph, and we forgot that we looked upon a daughter of men. Even yonder dingy old building caught the inspiration, and shone from dome to pit with renewed whiteness, as it reflected back, in the April sun, the purity of that sweet picture of noble womanhood.

Again, there comes before us the loved form of the man of big heart and great brain, who was Alabama's Governor during the stormiest years of her existence. We recall his manly face suffused with tears, as his chief lovingly placing his hands upon him, and told how he had learned to lean upon him, in the sad days at Richmond, "When Alabama took him from me there was none to take his place." Beside these two stood the chivalrous soldier who, as Governor of this State, honored the people, who honored him for a long life spent in their service.

They were with us on this platform then. Now 'they gaze into the face that makes glorious their own,' amid throngs of angels. God rest them; but we can not keep back the cry—

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

The monument is partly the gift of the State, and yet, it had not risen here, to sentinel the memory of our dead, but for the love and sacrifice of woman, who dared all the danger and sorrow of the strife, and shared none of its wild joys—woman who never murmured, save when her warrior lost faith—"woman, permitted to bruise the head of the serpent and sweetly infuse through the sorrow and sin of earth's registered curse, the blessing which mitigates all—born to nurse, to soothe, to solace, to help and to heal."

Chiselled on the face of the monument, but more deeply graven on the soul of Time, stand out "1861-1865."

We have reared it as an appeal to the ages. We have placed it here as a defender of the patriotism and virtues of more than one hundred thousand soldiers. It is a tribute by a generation that is here, to a generation that has gone. It would not be in keeping with its great design, to put forth such a work with bated breath. When we ask the world to look upon the statues we challenge judgment; and we cannot be silent.

Many a child has read that those whom these statues represent died "in rebellion," and sometimes—sad to say—has heard it from the lips of men sprung from the loins of the dead soldier, that the motives and sacrifices of the men of "1861-1865," were the mad folly of misguided fathers, who waved hostile battle-flags against the genius of liberty in the New World, and sought to



over throw the great principles for which our forefathers battled in the Revolution.

Is this true? Did the Confederate give his land to ruin and his children to slaughter because of his devotion to the institution of African slavery? Did he cease to value the principles of Union, or to take pride in the great republic which his forefathers did so much to create, and in after times, to cherish and defend? Were the principles of the new government, set up here in anywise hostile to the genius of the constitution and government, which Washington set up? Did the man of 1861-1865 "rebel?"

#### THE SOUTH DID NOT REBEL.

The impartial voice of history will declare that the Southern States in asserting the Constitutional right of secession, did not enter upon "rebellion," or create a new doctrine, but followed the logic of the history of the Constitution, and interpretations of that instrument by some of the most illustrious of the fathers, maintained, regardless of section, at different times, by many of the foremost statesmen of the Republic.

All know that the Revolution wrung from the mother country the solemn recognition of the "thirteen United States of America," and "each of them," as "free and independent States." They and "each of them" then became possessed of absolute sovereignty. As "free and independent States," each acting for its sovereign self, they formed the Confederation, and then by virtue of the same sovereignty, as States, formed the Union.

We need not detail subsequent history, and the numerous debates which have exhausted argument, except to say that the public mind vibrated like a pendulum, between two opinions, at different eras of the republic, as to the power and rights of the States.

If we may judge by the action of the people of the United States, for a considerable period after Washington's death, a majority of them believed the Constitution "a compact to which the States were parties, and that, as in all other cases of compact between parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of the infraction as the mode and measure of redress."

The Virginia and Kentucky resolutions which pro-

claimed this doctrine, were written respectively by Madison and Jefferson; and the latter, though not avowing his authorship, was known to concur fully in them. These resolutions were immediately denounced by some of the States as "inflammatory and pernicious." Yet, Jefferson, in a bitter struggle between the opposing ideas, two years afterwards, was elected President of the United States, and then re-elected in 1804; and his successor was Madison, upon whose motion, a proposed clause in the Constitution "authorizing the exertion of the force of the whole against delinquent States," was unanimously postponed. Madison, who scouted any idea of any government for the United States, "framed on the supposed practicability of using force against unconstitutional proceedings of a State."

Even Hamilton had said, "to coerce a State was one of the maddest projects that was ever devised. \* \* \* But can we believe that a State will ever suffer itself to be used as an instrument of coercion? The thing is a dream. It is impossible."

Massachusetts, not South Carolina, first stood sponsor for the right of Secession. Nearly half a century before the Convention at Charleston, another Convention at Hartford, had proclaimed Secession as a rightful and desirable remedy against Federal grievances.

The impartial observer in 1861, however deep his opposition to the views of Madison and Jefferson, must declare, as did John Quincy Adams, a New England President, when combating them: "Holding the converse with a conviction as firm as an article of religious faith, I see too clearly to admit of denial, that minds of the highest order of intellect and hearts of the purest integrity of purpose, have been brought to different conclusions."

#### WAR NOT FOUGHT OVER THE JUSTICE OR MORALITY OF SLAVERY.

The sectional dissensions, which finally took on the shape of disputes over slavery, turned not at all on the rightfulness or morality of the institution; but were of a purely political significance. From the beginning, the Southern colonies had been foremost in resisting the establishment of slavery. Maryland, North Carolina and Virginia had often protested against it. Virginia, prior

to 1751, had passed more than twenty-five acts to discourage and prevent it. The Georgia colony at the outset, had declared opposition to the institution. Slavery was established and continued in the Southern Colonies against their wishes, by the avarice of the Crown.

At the time of the Revolution, the institution was upheld in all the colonies; and though nearly one-sixth of their population were slaves, neither slavery, nor its morality even remotely entered into the principles or causes which produced the separation from the mother country, or the change from the articles of confederation to the new Union. When the Constitution was formed, the only differences regarding slaves, were as to the manner of their representation, and whether an immediate stop should be put to their importation. The Constitution protected the institution, and gave it its sanction.

As the different sections grew in population, commerce and industry, and their interests conflicted, each struggled to control the government which affected those interests. The clause in the Constitution, allowing three-fifths representation for the slaves naturally caused the South to seek to save the balance of power in the formation of new slave States, and the North, on the other hand, to prevent it; just as in our times, with slavery out of the way, the admission of a new State is sought or opposed, mainly with reference to its effect upon party or sectional ascendancy. Thus the institution, regardless of its morality or justice, after a while became the plaything of fanatics, and the foot-ball of politics.

It is significant, as showing the estimate of the institution in the North, as a moral question, when disconnected from political ends, that for over a quarter of a century after the acquisition of Louisiana, the mere discussion of abolition caused outbreaks against those who agitated it, in New York, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire and Connecticut. A Northern historian says: "The riots, of which the foregoing were specimens, were too numerous and widespread to be even glanced at separately." The same writer, himself an early abolitionist, speaking of the responsibility for the existence of the institution, declares: "It were absurd to claim for any colony or section a moral superiority in this regard over any other."

No purpose of emancipation was announced until war

had long been flagrant, and then the matter was handled as a mine in the heart of the Confederacy, to be exploded or not, as might prove most advantageous in the conflict of arms. General Hunter, early in the war, proclaimed emancipation in certain States, and Lincoln, in his own words, "repudiated the proclamation." In his special message in 1862, asking Congress to pass a resolution that the United States ought to give pecuniary aid to the States "which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery," Lincoln urged it "as one of the most efficient means of self-preservation," upon the ground, that if by means of such action, some of the border States should adopt it, it would deprive the Southern States of all hope of retaining them into the Confederacy. "To deprive them of this hope," he says, "substantially ends the rebellion."

In another state paper, about the same time, he said: "If I could save the Union without freeing any of the slaves, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all of the slaves, I would do it—if I could do it by freeing some, and leaving others alone, I would also do that. My paramount object is, to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery."

The first proclamation was an announcement of emancipation to be enforced against persons, who thereafter continued in arms against the United States. The avowal that a return to the Union would prevent the emancipation of the slave, sapped its motive of any just claim to benevolence. The purpose of the proclamation was to conquer, not to free. It was a trumpet blast warning of sterner strife in whose shrill tones were not blown the sweeter notes of philanthropy. When proclaimed, it was justified as a thrust at an armed enemy, and declared "to be warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity." It did not include Maryland, Kentucky or Missouri, and expressly excluded portions of Louisiana and a third part of the State of Virginia.

The institution, though in the beginning the North as little as the South had designed it, was shot down in the angry strife between the sections, like the sturdy oak, between the lines, by bullets sped at other marks, in the "bloody angle" at Spottsylvania.

It is just as absurd to say that the war was fought over the justice or morality of slavery, as it would be to de-



clare that the conflict with the mother country, was a dispute about tea thrown overboard in Boston harbor.

#### HOW THE SOUTHERNER VIEWED SLAVERY.

The Southerner was as much concerned with the moral aspects of slavery as any of his countrymen. As late as 1831, Virginia, by the narrow margin of one vote, failed to disestablish the institution,—a result due more to assault without, than to support of the institution within the ancient commonwealth. Even under the unfavorable conditions existing in 1861, the number of manumissions in proportion to slaves, was largely on the increase in the Southern States. The ultimate fate of the institution, if it had been left to the South in the earlier half of the century—uninfluenced by assault from without—can only be told by that Providence which left the Southerner no alternative but to maintain the institution against any sudden change, or else confront in his own home, the gravest problem known to government and civilization.

Violent or quick disruption of the relation between the races, would involve both in long misery. If the freedman left the country who was to take his place? If he remained, what was to be the outcome? How would the civilization of the white man pulsate with the intermingled aspirations and voice of the black man? Lincoln thought of this, and remedy for it “in room in South America for colonization?” The Southerner knew it would be impossible to induce or force the migration of millions of people, not living together in tribal relations in a separate territory of their own, but interwoven with the whole social and economic fabric and scattered over a vast country, under the same government, with the white population. This was the momentous problem, involving his hearthstone, his honor, and his posterity, in comparison with which slavery was not to be considered, which alarmed the Southerner for the future of his children and his happiness and peace in the Union. The sections had grown more and more to mistrust each other. Finally a president had been elected by a sectional majority in the electoral college, who had declared that the country “could not exist half slave and half free.” Then it was, not undervaluing Union, but despairing of hope of longer living in peace and honor under the Union of his Fathers, the

Southerner, in obedience to the instincts of self-preservation and the teachings of a lofty courage, declared that he would "depart in peace" and that denied him, would stake all upon his sword. That was denied him, and then came the gun at Sumpter, and then the Confederate soldier.

#### THE ODDS.

The hostile sections had a common border of a thousand miles, stretching from the Atlantic ocean to the western limits of Missouri, everywhere easily crossed by armies. The South had over three thousand miles of sea-coast, without a ship to guard it; while the North had a navy which could attack this coast at pleasure, and often co-operate on rivers with invading armies in grand inland operations.

The Confederate soldier was fighting for his home, which gave him a decided moral advantage. He operated generally in his own country, which gave him a great military advantage, all the fruits of which he could not reap; since he fought men of the same race, speaking the same language, who often had "men to the manner born" in their ranks. He also had the advantage of moving on interior lines, which was largely neutralized by wretched transportation facilities, in his sparsely settled territory, and his opponent's command of the sea, and some of our great rivers. In all things else, the Confederate was at a fearful disadvantage.

His government was new, without credit, and confronting an old, established, power. In men, ships, and all that enters into the equipment, comfort and supply of armies, the odds against him were appalling. The official records show that the North enlisted throughout the four years of the war two million, seven hundred and seventy-eight thousand men,—while the South, according to the best estimate, could not muster quite eight hundred thousand men. Of the three million five hundred thousand combatants engaged in the struggle, nearly two million more fought on the one side than on the other.

Dependent wholly on agriculture, the South went with naked valor to battle, relying on the devotion and genius of its people to work out, with the scant mechanical appliances in its borders, the great problem of war.



Our fields were white with cotton, and we had our flocks; but there were not enough factories to make cloth, and the soldier was always ragged, and often naked. Our granaries and fields in the interior were full of corn and wheat and provisions, and we had our cattle and hogs; but there were no shops or rolling mills to replace and repair our worn engines and rails, and the dilapidated railroads could not meet the wants of communities,—much less supply the needs of war, whereby the movement of armies was blocked, and soldiers at the front starved, while there was plenty in the rear. Tanning establishments were so few, and leather so scarce, that the authorities often had to choose between shoes for the soldier and harness for the artillery and wagons. Even when the former was preferred to the latter, it was often impossible to keep the men shod. Medicines and surgical instruments were early declared contraband of war, and there was no place in the South where they could be made. It became difficult to obtain the most common surgical instruments, and the Confederate surgeon frequently fought fever and wounds, without opiates, quinine or chloroform. Paper became so scarce, and skilled laborers so few, that the Government could not print even its paper promises fast enough to pay its soldiers. Methods hitherto unknown, were availed of to procure niter. Arms had to be imported or captured from the enemy. Salt largely disappeared, and, toward the end, sugar, coffee, and tea were almost as rare as diamonds. Indeed, the blockade soon reduced the armies and people of the South almost to a state of nature, as regards the necessities and comforts of a civilized condition.

The North, on the contrary, was filled with mines, factories and looms, and had a vast country untouched by the track of the invader, from which to draw supplies and men. A wonderful merchant marine transported from across the seas, everything that the wealth and ingenuity of man could devise for the equipment, comfort and supply of its armies, and the luxury of its people at home.

#### THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER IN BATTLE.

The exaltation which came to the Confederate with the first passionate rushing to arms, and the delirium which followed the victory at Manassas, gave way to a

higher consecration to duty during the fall and winter months, as there came to his ears notes of the gigantic preparations of the invader, sounding everywhere along our borders.

An enormous flotilla and powerful army were gathering in the West, to repossess the upper Mississippi, and the Tennessee. Another army and fleet were organizing for descent on the coast of North Carolina. Still another powerful army and fleet were being collected to assault New Orleans. Nearly 200,000 men, superbly equipped and disciplined, lay around Washington, ready to spring upon Richmond when the roads hardened, while auxiliary armies threatened it from over the mountains and up the valley. Other forces and fleets were in readiness to move on Savannah and Charleston, —while all the energy of the powerful North reinforced its armies in Missouri and Arkansas to aid in the descent on Mississippi. The Confederacy was to be cut in twain, and its capital and chief cities wrested from it, by a simultaneous concentration of numbers and blows from every quarter. The giant Goliath not more despised the shepherd boy David, with his sling and stone from the brook, than did the North the meager forces which the South could gather to oppose it.

Early in the spring, the war clouds burst. Donelson was stormed, Nashville and Columbus were evacuated. Sydney Johnston was driven from Kentucky and Tennessee, Island No. 10 was surrendered, Roanoke and Newbern were captured. New Orleans was lost. An army had started for the heart of Mississippi, Vicksburg was attacked, Charleston and Savannah were threatened. The great army of the Potomac forced its way in sight of the spires of Richmond.

When the year ended, three invading armies had been routed in the Valley. The splendid army which essayed to capture Richmond, beaten in a week of battles before that city, fled down the Peninsula, only to meet defeat again, when united with another army on the Rappahannock; and these two armies reinforced, fought a drawn battle in Maryland, and returning to Virginia again, met a crowning and disastrous repulse at Fredericksburg. The victor at Donelson had nearly lost his army at Shiloh. The invaders of Mississippi had been compelled to withdraw, and the assailants of Vicksburg

had been beaten off. The victorious Federals in North Carolina had been withdrawn to be engulfed in the vortex of defeat in Virginia. A triumphant Confederate army marched through Tennessee and Kentucky, gathering and retiring with the richest spoils of war, drove back its assailants in Kentucky, and as the old year faded into the new, delivered a stunning and bloody blow at Murfreesboro. Minor operations on this extended theatre had generally redounded to the glory of the Confederate arms, and New Orleans only escaped their reconquering grasp that year, because the navy which held it could not be attacked by land. The world stood amazed and awed at these mighty results.

Even the posterity of the Confederate soldier does not realize his work to this day. It is said, "the voice of the stranger is like to that of posterity," and from the stranger in strange lands came wonder and admiration. The most powerful organ of public opinion in Europe declared :

"The people of the Confederate States have made themselves famous. If the renown of brilliant courage, stern devotion to a cause, and military achievements almost without parallel, can compensate for the toil and privations of the hour, then the countrymen of Lee and Jackson may be consoled amid their sufferings. From all parts of Europe, from enemies as well as friends, comes the tribute of admiration. When the history of this war is written, the admiration will, doubtless, become deeper and stronger; and disclose a picture of patriotism, of self-sacrifice, of wisdom and firm administration, which we can now see only indistinctly; and the details of the extraordinary national effort which has led to the repulse, and almost to the destruction, of an invading force of more than a half a million of men, will then be known to the world."

The time allotted me, will not allow more than a glance at the subsequent campaigns. Nor, will description be attempted of the brilliant service of our sailors, since that has been committed to another, far fitter to discharge that duty. During the awful struggle for the possession of the opposing capitals during the next two years, the Confederates' cap of glory ran full. In one of these years he fought a tremendous battle in the heart of the North for Washington, and did not allow his pow

erful enemy to come within five days' march of Richmond, and in the other year lit his bivouac fires in sight of Washington, while he defended his capital and another city twenty miles away, in ten months of bloody and successful battle, until the fateful Sunday when the thin line, worn by attrition and starvation, was broken through at last.

He answered defeat at Vicksburg and Gettysburg with victory at Chickamauga, and pushing back the victor of Gettysburg to Centreville, and defying him at Mine Run; and strove with ill fated and shining valor to regain at Franklin what had been lost at Atlanta. In the long struggle from Dalton to Atlanta, he illustrated the stubborn valor of his race. Ragged, starved, outnumbered, barefooted, without money, in freezing storms, without hope save in the miracles of his valor and the skill of his leaders, he concentrated, after the crushing disaster at Nashville, what he could of scant numbers, and won victory at Kingston, and Bentonville, in the vain hope to save North Carolina, and repel the army which had struck at the life of Richmond from its rear. Here he struggled to the last at Blakely and Mobile, and vainly gave his blood at Selma.

One of Lee's last dispatches to Richmond gives the sad picture of the suffering of the troops everywhere:

"Yesterday, the most inclement day of the winter, the troops had to be maintained in line of battle; having been in the same condition two previous days and nights. I regret to be compelled to state that, under these circumstances, heightened by the assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men have been without meat for three days, and all are suffering from reduced rations, scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold, hail and sleet.

\* \* Their physical strength, if their courage survives, must fail under the treatment. Taking these facts, in connection with the paucity of numbers, you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us."

The land was filled with graves and mourners, the wounded and sick and despairing. It was harried by armies so that industry was vain, and women and children cried for bread. The sun seemed darkened, and the air was filled with wails. Yet there still rose above disaster, clear-cut and strong, the heroic figure of the Confederate soldier,—serene, subordinate, unselfish, uncom-



plaining,—battling with odds, assailed by the fears and wants of those at home,—trusting in God, defying fate, and giving all for duty, until the fabric of the Confederacy, which he so long upheld on his bayonets, “fell with a crash which resounded throughout the civilized world.”

#### THE RETURN HOME.

Many a time, in dreams, had this soldier marched back home.

One day, in the long ago, he stood on the outpost beyond the Rapidan. In front, as far as eye could reach, were hostile pickets; and camp fire smoke, banked up in clouds against the sky, told where, like a panther ready to spring, lay, hidden in the forest, a mighty array in blue. Behind him extended a plain back to the river, all tasselled with corn, and streaked with brooks that sped to the river. Beyond the river, grandly rose long fringes of hills, which sloped to the stream, and broke away behind in the woods. There was smoke of camp fires, there; and across the green slopes red clay intrenchments frowned along the fords. Far beyond, to the South, lay home, and his eyes turned there.

What is this he sees? Artillery withdrawn from the fords? Going in battery on the hills? What harm can it do the enemy there? Soon flash out puffs of smoke, followed by the boom of gun after gun. Then he hears, breaking in on the rear, the strains of Dixie, and both drowned by yells fiercer than of men in fight. Then, challenging the gladness of the guns and cheers, as their echoes die away, rings out the martial burst of the “Marsellaise.” Then the roar of human voices hushes; and over the distance steals on his ear the sounds of “Annie Laurie,” and then all the bands, with golden tongue, pour out “Home, Sweet Home.”

When he lifts his wet eyes again, all is bustle and stir. The wagon trains are packing and moving. Battalion after battalion in grey, with shining steel and blood red flags, breaks from the battle line, and disappears over the hills. Every head of column is turned Southward. The hosts in blue are folding their tents, and marching beyond the Blue Ridge.

All the beauty and worth of Virginia await the army at Richmond. Now, the Cabinet and Congress are stand-



ing at the foot of Washington's monument, but the President sits his horse under the spires of St. Paul. The fences around the capitol have been removed. Thousands of lovely women crowd the grounds. The signal for the great review is the firing of the heavy guns on the James; and while the streets yet tremble the band strikes up as the column, with Lee at its head, comes in sight, and when the sword of Lee salutes the President, the majestic voice of thousands of freemen, grander than the roar of ocean in storm, sends up one long, unbroken, triumphant hallelujah to the skies. Even the bronze figure looking down from the top of the monument, seems, for the moment, to take on the spirit of the immortal Washington. Pale and careworn, but erect, majestic and triumphant, the President, with Lee by his side, sits his horse, and for hours watches that proud array of "tattered jackets and bright muskets" and the red flutter of battle smoked flags. The sun sets. The moon rises, gilding anew the statues on the monument, and flooding through the trees, in golden lights, lends its own beauty and softness to the mothers and maidens who linger until the last battalion passes out of sound and sight.

"Oh! these were hours when thrilling joy repaid  
A long, long course of darkness, doubts and fears—  
The heartsick faintness of the hope delayed,  
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and tears,  
That tracked with terror the rolling years."

Next morning the troops start South. The panting locomotive crosses the Chattahoochee, and the Alabama soldier stands again on Alabama soil. Floods and raids have broken the railroads beyond, and the troops must march overland for home.

The morning bugle call to arms is sweeter now than the fox horn's notes, and familiar scenes bring back the sweet days of "Auld Lang Syne." The soldier is nearing home. His company ends its last march in the woods by the school house—almost in sight of the house where he was born. He spreads his blanket near the spring, where he had often played with the boys who would not look on home tomorrow. He can not sleep, but watches the stars go down, and waits the rosy morn which will hail with its crystal light the blue hill in the distance, and the road winding up its slope to the trees that rustle

above his chimney. Early he is on the march. Now, he hears the peals of the village bells, "sweeter than silver chimes by moonlight." Way off he sees the villagers "The band greets them with 'Dixie.'" The band greets them faint, then nearer and clearer, wild like the storm, comes back the grander music of long, unbroken, triumphant cheers, drowning bugle and drum. He is in the village now, marching past his own door. He sees the baby held up high in the sister's arms, hears the shout of the old man and boy, and drinks in, at the window, the sweet old face of mother, and the shy fond look of one dearer than sister, watching at the gate. The glad breeze lifts above the ranks the torn flag these women gave him, and twines it with the shining bayonets. He marches under the Arch and through lanes of maidens strewing flowers, and then the company halts, and stacks arms in the grove, near the church, where they heard the sermon the day they left for the war. Now from the same church walls, the "Te Deum," and songs of praise to the Lord God of Hosts, to whom all glories are;" swell upward and thrill the conscious air. Then he goes home, and in sweet communion with those around his fireside, thanks God, with overflowing heart, for peace.

Alas, it is all the phantom of a dream. He has stacked arms, but not before the village church. He has been sleeping the night after Appomattox.

On his homeward journey, he hears his leader is chained in a dungeon, and the terms of peace, proclaimed by a Southern-born President, in prosecutions for "treason," disfranchisement, and confiscation. Then came the temptation to war, forever, in the hedges, by-ways and swamps, "until death should better him." There came the calm voice of Lee,—*"The South requires her sons more now than at any period in her history. I have no thought of abandoning her, unless compelled to do so."* The weary soldier put aside his thought of vengeance and trudged on home. He found the slave his political master, his home in ruins and his fields in weeds and waste. There was not seed enough to plant a crop, nor work animals enough for the plough. He saw famine kill what war had spared, and strangers sit in judgment seats, while bayonets made law. He was met and cheered by woman, and opposing courage and fortitude to oppression and folly, he despised despair, and taught the world *"how sublime it is to suffer and grow strong."*

## PICTURE OF THIS SOLDIER.

Would that I could draw a picture of this soldier, "as he lived and moved and had his being." Of the special traits of the infantry, the artillery and the cavalry, and the sailor, I may not speak, since more eloquent lips which you are yet to hear will tell you of them. I can only speak of the characteristics which distinguished them all.

Home was his ideal, and wife, mother and sister were his "holy of holies." They planted, deep in his bosom, the instinct that manhood required he should yield to other women, the respect and deference he demanded for those about his hearthstone. He loved his community; for the hospitality of his roof, took in his community, and good offices of neighbors made them a part of every home.

He was taught respect for authority. The institutions and social customs among which he was reared brought him into association with those he acknowledged as his 'betters,' and those who acknowledged him to be their superior. He was thus trained both to obey and command. He came upon the stage at a time of acute political discussion, when not every man esteemed himself a statesman, and followed almost blindly, as his father did before him, some great leader who appeared to him the most fit exponent of his thoughts; and this habit of peace followed him in war.

When he entered the army, his company was the representative of the community, and he of his home. They were with him everywhere—on the march, bivouac, and battle line. His home and community watched his doings and shared his trials. He would as soon have brought disgrace on his own home, or the little village where he expected to return, as to sully his own name, or that of the organization to which he belonged, by rapine, insubordination or any other kind of unsoldierly conduct. He hardly needed Lee's noble order to restrain him in Pennsylvania. He could not disgrace his home by pillage of another's home, or degrade his wife and mother by insulting the wives and mothers of other men. His chivalry taught him to protect the defenseless. Gordon expressed this feeling when he said to the frightened women of the invaded town of York, who feared insult if his ragged troops were permitted to disperse through the

town: "Have no fear; you are as safe as if your own people were here. My men would not let the man who harmed a woman live to see the sun go down."

It is not strange that this soldier who had such home influences, and received letters by every mail telling him of their prayers for him, should think of prayer for himself and his cause. It is a sustaining thought in the hour of battle, that there is an invisible hand which may be invoked to save and to shield. Whether secretly or openly, the soldier who had gone unscathed in many battles, began to pray for himself, and became resigned to the will of a Higher Power. He began to consider himself a mere instrument in the hands of Providence, and by the very exaltation of his faith and consecration to duty, became possessed of a strange moral and physical strength. He had an abiding faith, amounting almost to fanaticism, that the God of battles would, in the end, send his cause safe deliverance.

He was always without money; yet was never known to beg for money. His month's pay during the last half of the struggle, would hardly buy a dinner, and towards the last, his government was unable to pay at all. Many of his Revolutionary fathers, under less galling circumstances, threatened to leave Washington before Trenton, and could be persuaded to strike the blow there, only upon compliance with their demand, for "a bounty of ten dollars, provided it should be paid in hard money," for already, says the historian, "distrust of the continental currency was beginning to cause its depreciation." These same Revolutionary soldiers, even after peace, threatened calamities to the Republic on account of arrears of pay, which only the wisdom and firmness of Washington could avert. This Confederate had seen value quickly depart from the Confederate note in which he was paid, until it became practically worthless towards the end; yet he never remonstrated with his government; and no thought entered his brain to stay the arm of Lee or Johnston, until he could have a balance struck and settled.

There was an intense spirit of comradeship in this man. There quickly grew up an instinctive order of knighthood among such men, in the face of danger, which broke down all these differences of rank and worldly condition, which elsewhere so often prevent the



oneness of armies. If an officer was brave, impartial, and cared for his men, this soldier would follow him anywhere, and never complain of the strictness of his discipline. He was a fine judge of men. He elected his own officers, and if mistaken in them, soon found means to weed out the inefficient. He did better in his day by the election of officers, than in this day when they are appointed. Gordon and Rodes are examples of the men whom he selected to lead.

He was a cleanly man, despite his rags. Most of them had sooner parted with a pair of shoes, than a good tooth brush. Who has forgotten the queer sight of the tooth brush sticking from the button-holes of his jacket; or how, when the blockade exhausted the supply of these, he became an expert in making brushes from dogberry or sassafras? On the march he had no knapsack. If he had change of clothing, he put it within his blanket, rolled it up, tied it at the ends, put the loop over his head and shoulders. A canteen, and sometimes a frying pan and a jack knife, were all he carried, besides his arms and belt. His pantaloons were tied at the bottom, and thrust inside his shoe. His woolen hat was often his only tent. He was as cheerful as the Indian at the "Feast of Green Corn," when his only rations were roasting ears. There was philosophy, as well as humor, in the remark of the soldier whom his officer rebuked for breaking rank, and going after persimmons, that "he needed them to pucker up his mouth, so as to fit his rations."

He was full of humor, jokes and jests. Woe be to the unhappy able-bodied civilian who passed his line—he ran the gauntlet of a fire of gibes more galling than a nest of hornets.

He was always respectful to women, the minister and the aged, and would march barefooted in the mud to give the road to a woman and child in a buggy, while he would back an able-bodied man into the fence corner, to get him out of the way.

He was modest withal, and seldom wrote to the papers of his achievements. When he felt injustice had been done his command, he was apt to believe time would right him, and to say as Jackson did, when his part at Manassas was misrepresented—"My brigade is not a brigade of newspaper correspondents."



There was something pathetic in his devotion to his battle-flag. There were seldom covers for them, and in camp the color bearer sometimes rolled them up for a pillow—but in the battle, it was as the Cross to the Crusader, and he would follow wherever any would carry it.

He was not always up on salutes, and the finer points of tactics or guard duty; but in the essentials of marching, fighting and taking care of himself, he had no superior. He knew how to show respect for the officer he loved, and often he would not go forward until his leader went back, in time of danger. His battalion drill may have been somewhat ragged; but his alignment in the charge was magnificent, his fire by file unequalled, and his "rebel yell" the grandest music on earth.

Who that looked on him can ever forget his bright face, his tattered jacket, and battered hat, his jests, which tickled the very ribs of death—his weary marches in heat and cold and storm?—his pangs of hunger, his parching fever, and agony of wounds—his passing away in hospital or prison, when the weak body freed the dauntless soul—his bare feet tracking the rugged fields of Virginia, and Georgia and Tennessee, with stains like those which reddened the snow at Valley Forge—his soul clutching his colors, while suffering and unprotected wife and child cried for him at home—his faith and hope and patience to the end—his love of home, deference to woman and trust in God—his courage which sounded all the depths and shoals of misfortune, and for a time throttled fate—the ringing yell of his onset, his battle anthem for native land rising Heavenward above the roar of five hundred stormy fields?

#### HIS ANTAGONIST.

While we speak of the Confederate soldier, there rises before us the image of his antagonist, whom none that fought him would ever depreciate. He too came at the call of his State, the earthly tribunal before which it was our faith all men should bow.

He believed, and had been reared to believe, that the future of the Republic demanded but one flag between the seas. Not Pickett's charge at Gettysburg nor Cleburne's at Franklin, outshine in vain but glorious valor, the lustre of his assault at Mayres Heights, and his mad charges at Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor. He had

grander courage yet—he did not mock us at Appomattox. Had these men the power to control the peace, the Southern soldier had been spared the hardest trials that came to him with the end of armed hostilities.

#### WE ARE CONTENT IN THE HOME OF OUR FATHERS.

The Past asks what of the Future? We can answer—as fearlessly as the dead answered the call on them—we are content in the home of our fathers. Neither fealty to the dead, fidelity to principle, nor any law of honor or interest, impels us to a different answer. It is important, however, to inquire why this is so.

It is a narrow and dishonoring view, that this content comes from defeat and the parole at Appomattox. A new generation has arisen since then. Paroles bind the generation which gives them; but neither future generations nor great principles can be paroled. There must be surer and better foundation for this content, now, of millions in a government, from which, a third of a century ago, they made so many sacrifices to separate, than the memory of parchment which recalls a disaster in arms.

We are Americans, proud of our country and its flag, because Alabama is lord of her own and vassal to none, and our highest hopes of happiness are bound up in the rule of one government of co-equal States, under the Constitution, for the North American continent.

Why should it not be so?

When the Confederate furled his flag, no strange flag vexed him. The new banner that rose over his home was the old flag of his forefathers. Every battlefield and glory it recalls is bright with the valor and achievements of his ancestors. When we left, we did not claim the flag, and as it comes back to us, now, it stands for no thought at war with our interest, our liberties or our honor, but lifts its folds proudly in the skies of every land, as our protector and defender. Why may we not love it now as the symbol of a re-united land?

If then not the flag, is it the feeling between those who dwell under the flag, that should keep our hearts apart? Never was there better understanding and more good will between the sections.

Industry and economic conditions have so changed that Federal legislation rarely presents a sectional as-

pect. Hostility and discord between the sections are weaker than ever before, since the sections are juster to each other than ever before. We have our share of the glories of the Republic. We have thrilled at the thought of a loved Montgomerian, standing under the broad pennant of the Secretary of the Navy, in an American flag ship, as it ploughed through the waters of the Chesapeake and he received the salutes of the navies of the earth. Alabama gave to the country the cavalry leader of the west to win glory at Santiago, at the head of a division of regulars. We have rejoiced at the fame of the Greensboro youth, Alabama's Pelham of the seas, who rivaling and recalling the daring of that Alabamian who sank himself and the Housatonic in Charleston Harbor, sank the Merrimac in Santiago harbor, and then rose in sight of the world. We have watched regiments of our own sons, and wafted prayers with them, as they marched off under the Stars and Stripes.

If slavery was the cause of the war, it has perished in the march of events. Who would bring it back, or war about it now? Its doom was inevitable, as it had served its day in the purposes of the great Creator. That it was fast becoming a very body of death to our advancement and prosperity is not now denied. It made a wide and ever widening gulf between the man who owned and the man who did not own slaves. It promoted false ideas of the dignity and worth of labor by the white man, and the economic policies which it created, impoverished us, and shut us out from the world. It is far better for us, at least, that it is dead.

It is simple truth, that the institution as it existed in 1861 was mildness itself compared with its history elsewhere. It was not the slavery of men of our own race, which in substance though not in name, often haunts civilization elsewhere. The ancestor of the slave did not lose liberty when brought to his master here. The dominion was not based more on force than the ignorance and need for protection of the slave. It is an imperishable tribute to its kindness that throughout a terrible civil war, in which hostile armies traversed a country filled with slaves, they never once rose anywhere in insurrection against their masters. Whether those who by force of circumstances maintained it, were not as noble as those who, by force of circumstances opposed it,

we may well leave to the calm judgment of posterity, and to the Providence which placed the institution in our midst, with the names of Washington and Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, Marshall and Calhoun, Clay and Crittenden, Davis and Lee, Maury and Manly, and Stonewall Jackson and Stephen Elliott.

But what of the great principles for which we fought? Have we abandoned them? The great substantial animating principle for which the South struggled was the right of a State to control its own domestic affairs—the right to order its own altars and firesides without outside interference—the right of local sovereignty for which brave people struggle everywhere, and without which there is no peace. Secession itself was a mere incident in the application of this principle. So great was the attachment to the principles of union, and so little was the right of secession cherished in itself that its assertion was wrung from the South only by the conviction of some States, that they could no longer live in the Union in peace and honor, and by the dread alternative presented others, by the call from Washington for troops, to draw the sword for or against their own flesh and blood.

If the defeated Confederate soldier did not immediately vindicate the right of a State to order its own domestic affairs, even at the expense of Union; neither did the victorious Northern soldier vindicate any principle of Union without regard to the just rights of the States. I speak not now of that mere physical Union like the chain which bands Ireland and England, but of that living, breathing, soul of liberty, which binds co-equal States in unison of happiness, around the common altar of the Constitution.

The Union of the fathers, like the rights of the States, was dead for twelve long years after the war. Neither came back until the heart of the North, better understanding itself and the South, abandoned the dream of force, and President Hayes—to whom I am glad to pay this tribute—speaking in the name of Union—declared that the bayonet could not rule, and “the flag should float over States, not Provinces.” With that Union came back, inevitably, as night follows day, recognition of the great principle that the safety and happiness of the American people and the future of Constitutional lib-



erty, depend not more on Union, than on equality of the States, and the right to work out their own destiny around their own firesides; and that one is not complete without the other. This principle which underlies all real liberty and happiness, stands today, thank God, upright and unchallenged in the hearts of the American people. Of a truth then we may declare that "the grand army of martyrs which is still marching onward beyond the stars," which fought at last not for secession or slavery, but for the right of a State to govern itself in all that pertains solely to itself, have not died in vain.

#### ALABAMA SHOULD WRITE HISTORY.

"Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee"—was written not alone of those whose name and blood we inherit, but as well of generations which have borne the heat and burden of days that are behind us. A people may neglect the command and forfeit the promise as well as the child. Those were brave words of the statesman who said, "society has a soul as well as a body. The traditions of a nation are a part of its existence,—its valor and discipline, its religious faith, its venerable laws, its science and erudition,—its poetry, its art, its wise laws and its scholarship, are as much the blood of its life, as its agriculture, its commerce and its engineering skill." Bursting granaries, wide orchards and fields, rushing locomotives, the whirr of spindles, the smoke of furnaces and the white sails of commerce, alone, can not make a people great. Without manhood and virtue, love of God and native land, no people can become really great or long remain free. These virtues wither and die, in the land where the child forgets the father, and is unmindful of the heritage of his noble example and sacrifices. We serve humanity and country, when we remind the children of the Confederate soldier, of his life and achievements.

Our duty is not ended with the building of this monument. Where may Alabamian find a roll of the men who made history and yet left no name on its pages? Where can he find the names of the great throng who died, with no rank to attract the eyes of the country, and went down to death, uncheered save by the firm beating of their own dauntless hearts. Can he find their names among the archives of the State for which they gave their



lives? They are not there. In historic publications of her heroic sons?—She has written none. Will he find them on the graves of the dead? Some have no headstones, and many are marked “unknown.” There is but one sacred spot on earth, where these names are kept. Look in the hearts of our noble women, and there you will find them all. But, the gentle lips which said the prayers he could not say, and the white hands which shunned no toil for him, and the pure souls that rose above him with a courage grander than his own, are fast passing away. Almost alone, for thirty-three years, she has guarded the memory of the dead. Her lips have uttered no complaint. Yet one reads in her wistful eyes the thought that the comrades of the dead have not kept full faith with him, when the State for which he died, ruled by his comrades and their children, has not even traced the names of the dead in the chronicles of her history, and leaves her the bodies of her dead sons, who perished in prison, far-off by the lakes, indebted to the chance kindness of the stranger for the handful of earth and the enclosure, that saves them from the beasts of the fields and the birds of the air. Poverty and despair long pleaded to excuse us, but that excuse is not good now. Let the voice of the people “throng in and become partakers of the councils of state,” until the peoples’ representatives take away this reproach. It can not be, as some have urged, that the State which could send over one hundred thousand men to battle and death, may not, under the Constitution for which they fought, rightly expend money for the roll of their names or history of their achievements. It can not be that the State can offer a money reward to a civil officer for catching a malefactor, and can not give a sword as reward to a soldier for honoring her people in battle. This State were weak, indeed, if so poor in power and right. Long ago the law was declared in Alabama that the “whole unbounded power” of man over man, in matters temporal, resides in the government of the State, save as expressly or by necessary implication denied by the State and Federal Constitutions. There is no want of power.

#### THE PASSING OF THE CONFEDERACY.

That is the masterpiece—the touching Idyl of the “Passing of Arthur.” The king, beaten in his last battle, and drawing near to death, commanded his knight to

take the blade, "which would be known wherever he was sung in after time," and throw it in the lake. But the knight believing the king's fame would be hid from the world in after times, if "so precious thing should be lost from earth forever," feigned obedience, and hid the sword among the water-flags. Then came from the king's pale lips, the despairing cry: "Woe is me, authority forgets a dying king, laid widowed of his power." Shamed to obedience, the knight threw the blade in the lake, and Arthur, when told of the arm that rose up from the mists and caught it, sure it would never again be seen by mortal eyes, "passed to be king of the dead."

Our Arthur passed to the "island—valley of Avilion," with no cry on his lips or thought in his heart that "authority forgets a king, laid widowed of his power;" for here the love of a people touched away the scar of the fetters, and crowned him king again. As the monument whose foundation he laid, crowned in its finished glory with the statues, is about to be committed to the State and Time, we are looking upon the passing of the Confederacy. No "arm clothed in white samite, mystic and wonderful," rises out of earth to bear away our treasures from the sight of men,—but here where the Confederacy was born, and in the presence of God and this multitude, we reverently dedicate to the glory of a common country, and unfold for the benefaction of mankind, the priceless treasure of the life and character of the Confederate soldier."

Deafening applause and booming cannon punctuated this brilliant peroration, worthy of Tennyson himself, following which came the scholarly address, too easy to be called an effort, of the gifted General Jno. W. A. Sanford, in English chaste and strong, in language that flowed purely as flow our mountain streams as they murmur a beautiful requiem to the lonely picket who dropped where the laurels bloom by the wild sweet brier.

Gen. John W. A. Sanford had been invited to deliver the oration preliminary to the unveiling of the statue dedicated to the Confederate Infantry. Upon being introduced by the Chairman, Gen. Sanford said:

*"Mr. President, Ladies of the Memorial Association, Comrades, Ladies and Fellow Countrymen:*

I congratulate the State of Alabama and I do especially congratulate the Ladies' Memorial Association upon

the early completion of this magnificent monument to perpetuate the memory of the Confederate soldiers and seamen of this grand commonwealth. It forever commemorates a cordial appreciation of the superb qualities manifested by the Confederate warriors and people, during the war between the States.

Its corner-stone was laid by the immortal Jefferson Davis and is a suitable memorial of the dead Confederacy. It marks the close of an eventful era not only in the career of the United States, but also, in the history of the world. It defines the limit of a civilization peculiarly Southern and which is the crowning glory of the Christian centuries.

The people who created it were characterized by many brilliant gifts and laudable qualities. They were distinguished by pride of race; by a sense of honor that nothing could make them forget; by a conviction that courage was absolutely essential to all true manliness, and that integrity was a fundamental law of society; by a love of liberty and a spirit of independence that no oppression or injustice could destroy, and by a generous unstinted and almost indiscriminate hospitality. They cherished an ardent devotion to the rights of the State and an unfaltering allegiance to its authority. They had a chivalrous courtesy, and an extraordinary deference and delicacy in their intercourse with the women of their country, who elicited the admiration of the world by their intelligence and modesty and purity and refinement and manifold fascinations, as well as by their capability of sacrifice and endurance of privation, when their country demanded forgetfulness of self, and fortitude. Unfortunately, some of the splendid traits originating with and inseparable from the condition of the people and their system of industry, have gone, like the clouds Rachel watched by Laban's well, never more to be seen by men.

This statue erected in honor of the Confederate Infantry, like the entire structure, is not only petrified history, but it is an educational institution consecrated to heroism. It inculcates love of the State, and shows in what estimation they are held, who encounter hardships and dangers for the liberty and power and glory of their country. It will stimulate youths to admire and to cultivate ennobling attributes, and to emulate, if they may

not surpass the famous deeds and applauded virtues of their ancestors. None understood so well as they, the nature and limitations of our governments, both State and Federal. They cheerfully yielded to the Union, all of its constitutional rights and powers, and were intensely jealous of any encroachment by the general government upon the rights of the States, or the liberty of the citizens.

Southern Statesmanship first proposed the union of the States, and Southern statesmanship dissolved the union of the States. It had been formed to promote peace, tranquility, friendly intercourse and the general welfare of all the states,—and when it failed to accomplish these objects, the reason for its existence ceased. When Theramenes was reproached for the destruction of the walls of Athens, he replied: “Themistocles built the walls to secure the rights and liberty of the people, and I pull them down to preserve their rights and liberty.” So, the Union was formed to advance the general welfare of all the States, and when it failed to achieve this purpose, the Southern States seceded from the Union, to protect their rights and to save the liberty of their people.

The Federal Constitution, denounced by fanatics as “a covenant with death and a league with Hell,” had long been an insuperable obstacle to the revolutionary schemes of what was the dominant party in 1860, then delirious with success and maddened by sectional hatred, but that instrument had also been the means of safety and power to the Southern people. It had originated with Southern statesmen. It had elicited the admiration of the civilized world. Under its provisions the Republic had become powerful. Beneath its influence the Southern States had flourished. Their benign institutions had developed an uncommon manhood which was greatly distinguished in war by its generalship, and in peace by its control of public affairs. It had been so beneficial to the entire country, that the Southerners especially desired to protect its principles from violation. But when Lincoln was elected President by a sectional party, whose popularity was in proportion to its animosity to them, they apprehended that they would be unable to do so effectually in the Union. They preferred the Constitution without the Union, to the Union without the Constitution. They knew that the Union, unrestrained by



the organic law, would be a despotism of intolerable oppression. They knew also that the principles of the Constitution wherever they obtained, and were obeyed, secured the rights and freedom of states and of men. Therefore, to preserve them, they dissolved the connection of the Southern States with the Northern States.

Secession was conservative of the Constitution and was a pacific policy. But war ensued between twenty-three States and territories remaining in the Union, and containing 22,733,223 inhabitants and eleven States that seceded from the Union and having 8,710,098 people, of whom 3,520,840 were slaves; between 2,859,132 Federal soldiers, of whom 186,017 were negroes (without whom, says Stauton, "the life of the nation could not have been saved,") and about 700,000 Confederate soldiers; between commerce and manufactures and mining and fisheries on one side, and agriculture alone on the other; between the Union with its lust of power and greed of avarice and the Constitution with its beneficent principles.

Lieutenant General D. H. Hill states on the authority of a German author that there were 187,000 Germans in the Federal army. "It is presumed that the Irish were as numerous, for they led every advance and covered every retreat." There were in the Federal army also, Russians, Austrians, Hungarians, Slavs, Maygars, Teutons, Scandinavians, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, Canadians, Welshmen, inhabitants of the far-off islands of the sea, and some natives of the Northern States.

The unequal contest endured for four years, and during that time, averted from us the evils and calamities that were inflicted on Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland, that were loyal members of the Union. Those States suffered the impoverishment and degradation and all the ills of reconstruction during the war, which befell us after the surrender of the armies and declaration of peace. Adherence to the Union did not shield those States from the wrongs, insults and oppression, which we suffered by secession and adherence to the Constitution. This fact alone, if none other existed, illustrates the wisdom and justifies the policy of Southern Statesmen.

The war was sectional in form but the principles in-



volved were confined to no section. Lord John Russell said "The South fought for independence; the North for dominion."

The proclamation of the Federal President, calling for seventy-five thousand men to sustain the authority of the Federal Government, was received by us with derision. Then from the mountains to the sea, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, upon every wind that blew, rushed the Southern men to arms. Such unanimity, such enthusiasm, such eagerness to encounter all hardships and dangers had seldom been witnessed in behalf of any cause, or principle since the days of Peter the Hermit. They soon astounded the world by the recklessness of their courage and the splendor of their achievements.

The nations stood amazed. The Southerners had been regarded by their friends as lawless, and proud and insubordinate; and had been represented by their enemies as indolent, pleasure-loving, self-indulgent and deficient in manliness. But when the hour struck which demanded the exertion of grand qualities, their lawlessness submitted promptly to authority; their indolence became intense energy; their love of pleasure found its chief gratification in the defense of their country; their self-indulgence was transformed into rigorous self denial. And they soon exhibited to the wondering gaze of the 19th century the finest specimens of real, true, genuine manhood, Christian or pagan, the world had ever seen.

Many of them formed a body of infantry whose character and achievements had been rarely paralleled in the annals of time. No attribute of heroism, which is next to Godliness, was wanting to them. Their intelligence and political education enabled them to comprehend the magnitude of the conflict, and the importance of the principles involved. To this knowledge may be ascribed that invincible spirit which nothing appalled. This caused their unhesitating submission to the despotic rule of the army; and induced them, although imperfectly equipped and scantily clad, to bear without complaint, cold and rain, and sunshine, and storms, and sleet, and hunger and the painful fatigue of long marches in wearisome campaigns, and disease, and wounds, and death. No warriors or martyrs in the history of the world ever displayed a loftier patriotism or sublimer

spirit or self-immolation, than did the Confederate soldier. Neither the lays of troubadours in courtly halls, nor rhyme of wandering minstrels described characters more peerless, or tell of sterner fortitude, or more magnificent courage. These might well inspire eloquence or be the theme of song.

But they possessed other characteristics, no less admirable. Their love of country was as broad as the Confederacy and as unselfish as a mother's love. They had a conviction of the righteousness of their cause, that no doubt ever disturbed; a faith in their own invincibility and a confidence in their officers that no disaster could diminish; a manly subordination to discipline, and a fidelity in the discharge of duty rarely equalled; a bravery calm as peace and reckless as fire; a patience that willingly suffered frost and famine, whose fever gave intensity to their purpose, and tireless vigils in long sieges, accompanied by the bursting of bomb shells and incessant rattle of musketry day time and night time, through many tedious months. But it was in the forlorn hope; in the desperate assault upon the enemy's works; in the steady movement on his lines, or in the dashing charge against his guns in the open field that their nature most appeared. Then qualities which, like the characters on the sword of the Icelandic chieftain, were invisible in repose, like them, too, in battle and deadly peril, gleamed and glowed with a terrifying splendence, and often obtained even in defeat, the applause our enemies won only by success. Neither victory nor disaster could materially affect the fame of this incomparable infantry. It did not change its virtues because Fortune changed her face.

These are some of the traits of the men, whose lives were as thickly strewn with battles, as the graves of their comrades are strewn with flowers in Spring. They were displayed by this matchless soldiery, when it starved in the trenches at Vicksburg; or besieged Cumberland Gap; or climbed the hills of Chickamauga; or stormed the breastworks at Franklin; or assaulted the fortifications about Knoxville; or opposed the beleaguering forces at Charleston; or carried the Federal works at Drewry's Bluff; or held the lines around Petersburg and Richmond; or stood immovable at Spottsylvania; or repelled the invaders at Fredericksburg; or drove

them to the music of the "Rebel Yell" from the field at Chancellorsville; or charged the heights at Gettysburg; and in all of the two thousand two hundred and sixty-one battles in which we fought for Southern independence and constitutional liberty.

Of this renowned army, the State of Alabama furnished one hundred and twenty-two thousand men, as brave as any that ever followed the banner of any cause. Of them thirty-five thousand returned never more to their homes. Some of them repose in graves, marked "Unknown," in distant cemeteries. The remains of others are scattered on every mountain height and plain; upon every hill-top and valley from Gettysburg to where the Mississippi rolls its multitudinous waters to the sea,

"And 'mid the green boughs, marked by no carved stone,  
Their unremembered bones do waste away.  
In dew and rain, and sunshine, day by day."

To them and their comrades, known and unknown, on land and sea, their grateful and bereaved countrymen have erected, and now dedicate this monument,—

"But some day before his throne,  
We will find where God's angels dwell,  
They are no more unknown."

And there, when amid the resplendent glories of the supernal world shall be called the roll of the mighty and renowned men who suffered and fought and died for liberty and the advancement of mankind, every Confederate soldier, unrepentant and unabashed, shall answer: "I am here."

General Sanford was the fitting escort of Miss C. T. Raoul, who fired the first gun that proclaimed the secession of Alabama. While cheers rent the air, leaning on the arm of the General, Miss Raoul ascended the steps leading to the statue of the infantryman, representing the branch of the service so eloquently word-painted, and touching the cord that held the veil, after a gracefully improvised apostrophe to the crowned hero in stone, this lady of many talents recited her own fine lines that are inscribed under the statue that stood revealed:

"Fame's temple boasts no higher name,  
No king is grander on his throne.  
No glory shines with brighter gleam.  
The name of Patriot stands alone."

Softly then, the band played the sad, sweet song, "My Maryland," and Capt. B. H. Screws was presented duly.

He spoke as follows:

*"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Those who followed glorious young Pelham, that true son of thunder and his terrible artillery over the hills and through the valleys of Virginia, or went with Pickett and Kemper and Armstead up against the hurricane of fire, lead and iron, on Round Top, need no monumental marble, to recall the memories of that thrilling era; and those who through the long and bloody hours hurled themselves against the merciless batteries of Rosecrans on the awful field of Chickamauga, withstood the earthquake throes of Missionary Ridge and Kennesaw, or engaged in the death grapple at Franklin, where the war-gods seemed to scorn to use Jove's counterfeit, and hurled the genuine bolts, need no lettered sculpture to remind them of that struggle of giants. Followers of Lee and Jackson, of Johnston and Hood, of Stewart and Forrest, and Pelham, and Semple, and Rodas, and Lomax, Clanton, Holtzelaw, Wheeler, Goldthwaite and Clayton, your memories need no refreshing. This monument, these figures, that mute suggestion of the dread artillery, of the grape whose iron clusters grew so luxuriantly along the ravines and mountain sides of Virginia and Georgia, of Tennessee and Kentucky, and even from Gettysburg to the Rio Grande, and whose juice was the red blood of heroes; that sleeping cannon, recalling the matchless valor of the old South, of the young Confederacy, and reviving memories of the days and nights of unyielding defiance, when towns and cities were awakened by the terrible music of the bursting bomb, when grain fields were trampled by the hoofs of the invader, and made red with the blood of your countrymen, all this, is but to remind those who come after us, even the generation yet to emerge from the stream of time, of the race from which they sprung.

Alabama's record during the great war between the States, the most stupendous, the most stubborn, and the most chivalric conflict in all the chronicles of time, the brilliant, dazzling, unrivalled deeds of her heroic sons, the deathless patriotism and sublime submission to privations and hardships of her peerless daughters, constitute the brightest diadem in the crown of Alabama's



wondrous glory. It would require the master mind of him who portrayed the march of the rebel angels across the north plains of Heaven, to tell, in fitting verse, of all they did and dared. Then how inexpressibly dear to us should be the memories of our Confederacy. It sank in sorrow, but not in shame, and far, O! far distant, be the time when we shall cease to cherish these proud, though melancholy recollections.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery, Heaven bless them! for more than twelve years, with unabating zeal, with ceaseless energy and perseverance, overcoming gigantic obstacles with apparent ease, have labored for the consummation of this holy purpose. Their work is finished, the monument is completed. And now, above all others, the survivors of that period of courage, of chivalry and of carnage, wish them to be forever assured that their gentle and devoted remembrance of the dead Confederate soldier, touches deeply and falls gratefully upon the hearts of the comparatively few Confederate survivors, and we wish the passing stranger, indeed, all the wide world, to forget not that the first stone of this monumental pile was placed in position by the unsullied hand of the golden-hearted Chief of the Confederacy—peerless, immortal Davis, out upon the shoreless ocean, his bark has drifted, and we shall see him no more with our mortal eyes, yet

"Millions unborn his mighty name shall sound,  
And worlds applaud which must not yet be found."

We wish that whosoever in all coming time shall turn his eye hitherto, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where young Liberty was cradled, where the Confederacy was born, where the atmosphere all the year round is perfumed with the sad, proud memories of 1861. We wish that this monument may proclaim the magnitude and importance and grandeur and justice of that event to every class and every age; we wish that infancy may learn the purposes of this erection, from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that Labor may look up here, and be proud in the midst of its toil.

Let the stilled cannon sleep on through the ages, faithful reminder of a generation of men the like of which we ne'er shall see again. Let this monument

stand, not a record of civil strife, for this great country, let us hope, is sincerely re-united; let it stand as a perpetual protest against whatever is low and sordid in all our public and private objects. Let it stand for rebuke and censure, if our people should ever fall below the standard of their Confederate fathers. Let this still solemn testimonial, dedicated to the memory of brave men, of genuine patriots, continue through all time to meet the sun in his coming; may the earliest rays of the morning glorify and gild it, and parting day linger and play upon its summit.

And in this presence, at the base of this monument, how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name, thou sainted SOPHIE BIBB; the ministering angel of the sick and wounded Confederate, the genius of this movement, the inspiration of Memorial Associations. Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure. This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail. Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit. How sweetly, how tenderly, shall we cherish thy memory, thou glorious daughter of Alabama!

Now, ladies and gentlemen, permit me to discharge the most pleasing part of my duty upon this occasion; to present the accomplished daughter of a noble mother, whose name is revered in every Confederate camp and venerated by every Confederate survivor, the incense from whose gentle and untiring attentions to the sick and wounded, during those long and eventful years, has risen with benedictions and blessings to the great white throne on high. The daughter inheriting the mother's magnificent traits of character, also embodies within herself all those charming and exalted qualities which are the pride and boast of every Southern gentleman—the noblest thing on earth, a perfect woman, Miss Lena Hausman."

From the first to the last word, the vast audience hung entranced on every utterance of one whose command of language is equalled by few and surpassed by none, as fresh from the hot heart he pours forth prose-poems unrivalled in the portrayal of the bril-

liant deeds of the sons of the South, and tells his love for the jasmine-bowered land of his birth, and admiration for the peerless women of a time his words have helped to make immortal. Laying a rich wreath of words at the feet of Mrs. C. J. Hausman, one of the untiring heroines who had wrought through all these years for this realization of innocent hopes, nurtured in the hearts of gentle comrades, long since fallen asleep, he introduced the graceful Miss Lena Hausman, whose dignity of presence and clear-cut enunciation was fitly emblematic of the service she was chosen to honor. Repeating the couplet for the crowning:

"The deathless green long set apart  
For crowns, sprang from a hero's heart—"

She then released the drapery, revealed the statue of Artillery, and recited the inscription on the pedestal, which was written by Mrs. I. M. Porter Ockenden:

"When this historic shaft shall crumbling lie,  
In ages hence in woman's heart shall be,  
A folded flag, a thrilling page unrolled,  
A deathless song of Southern chivalry."

Appropriately came "Tenting on the Old Camp-Ground," beautifully rendered by Powell's Quartette, in their usual perfect style. The touching strains, from four splendid singers, most fittingly preceded the introduction of the hero of many battles, who has been honored by the nation as the Secretary of the Navy of the United States, Hon. H. A. Herbert, proudly claimed by Alabama as her own. Who could tell so well the thrilling story of the Navy of the Confederate Seas! The Confederate soldier came gladly to his old home to pay tithe of golden memories to the Confederate sailor. Old friends with kind and true hearts gave him the hand-clasp of "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Herbert said:

*"Ladies and Gentlemen and Ladies of the Memorial Association:*

I thank you ladies for the opportunity given to me, a Confederate soldier, to say a few words for the Confederate sailor. A simple recital of the circumstances by which our sailors were surrounded and mention of a few only of their achievements will be more eloquent than any eulogy I could pronounce.

When the Confederacy was born on this hill in 1861, it had in a few days a Secretary of the Navy, a broad-minded, far-seeing, resourceful statesman, Stephen F. Mallory; it soon had many able naval officers, officers who had parted in tears from their comrades in the old navy to follow the call of duty. But the new government had not a naval vessel for its naval officers to command, not a merchant vessel that could be changed into an efficient man of war, no ship yard, save one at New Orleans, and that had never built or attempted to build a naval vessel; no shop that could build an engine complete, no foundry that could cast a large sized cannon or a cannon ball. The Federal government had its naval vessels, afloat on every sea, it had numerous shipyards, foundries, machinists and machine shops; it had ports open to the world, it had the shipping that did our vast coastwise trade, and the sails of its merchantmen whitened all the great waters of the habitable globe.

All its vessels could be utilized; there were sailors to man them. The task of the Federal government was, with the vast fleets it could command to blockade our ports, to permeate the rivers that ran through our land, to aid its own armies and protect their lines of supply, to cut communications between Confederate armies and destroy Confederate depots of supply. The water was the weak point of the Confederacy; it was the opportunity of the Federal government.

The task before the Navy Department of the Confederacy seemed utterly hopeless, but true courage never despairs. What was accomplished, if I had time to tell it all, would sound like a tale of fairy land. Confederate genius seemed to have discovered anew the Lamp of Aladdin.

When Virginia added herself to the Confederacy she brought with her the Tredegar Iron Works, which had never cast a large gun, had never made a naval engine, but had a plant which was a foundation on which to build. Virginia brought also the Norfolk Navy Yard, which was a construction yard, but the few ships at the Norfolk yard which could not be carried away, had been burned, or scuttled and sunk. And yet in less than eleven months, the Confederate navy astonished the world. The sunken Merrimac, now the Virginia, had been raised, covered with deflective armor and on new



lines reconstructed into the grandest fighting machine that up to that day had ever fired a gun in battle.

On March 8, 1862, the Virginia appeared in Hampton Roads, and with her ten guns confronted the Minnesota, the St. Lawrence, the Roanoke, the Congress and the Cumberland, mounting altogether 174 guns. The Congress and the Cumberland were destroyed and every other vessel that could, sought safety in flight.

That was a glorious day for the new navy of the Confederacy and a glorious day too it was for the old navy of the United States. As the Cumberland went down in the unequal contest, the Stars and Stripes still floated from her mast, and her guns still thundered and sent their useless missiles against the impenetrable sides of the Virginia until they were enveloped in the water.

While dedicating this monument, which is to tell future generations the story of Confederate valor, let us as we recall the memories of that combat, recall also the fact that all who are entitled to share in the glories of that day are our countrymen. Buchanan and Catesby, Jones and Littlepage and others who fought the Virginia, and the gallant officers and men of the Congress and the Cumberland—they were Americans all and the memory of the illustrious deeds of the 8th of March, 1862, is the common heritage of what is now our common country.

On the 9th was the fight between the Virginia and the Monitor, a drawn battle, but in its results one of the most decisive naval contests in history. That battle, coupled with the battle of the day before, which showed that no unarmored could stand before an armored vessel, decided the construction of future navies.

Instantly workshops all over the world resounded with the work of building new navies with deflective armor, high power guns, improved machinery. But when we trace effect to cause, it was not the battle between the Virginia and the Monitor that begat modern navies, that was but a link in the chain of causation; it was the Virginia that begat the Monitor.

The Navy Department at Washington only listened to and adopted the plans of Ericsson for the Monitor, when repeated reports from Norfolk showed that the Virginia with her deflected armor was under way and that in all probability nothing could meet her but another ship with

deflective armor. One experiment begat another, one success was met with another. So it is, my countrymen, that in the genius of Confederate naval officers is found the germ of the Naval armaments that now attract the wonder of the world.

The Virginia was not the only marvel wrought by Confederate constructors. There were the Louisiana, the Mississippi, the Arkansas, the Albemarle and others. The Albemarle was built in a corn field in North Carolina, out of timber some of which was standing when she was started, and of iron that was hunted up, here, there and everywhere. The Albemarle went down the sound, encountered a fleet of six vessels off Plymouth, sank one of them, the Southfield, drove the others away and aided the Confederate on land to recapture Plymouth. At another time the Albemarle fought a drawn battle against nine gunboats of the enemy. Eventually it was her fate to be destroyed in the night time by the almost superhuman daring of Lieutenant Cushing of the United States Navy. The Arkansas with all her guns ablaze at the same time, three on each side, two forward and two aft, perhaps the only vessel that ever made a successful fire in four directions at once, ran through the whole fleets of Farragut and Davis and reached Vicksburg in safety. The Tennessee was built on the banks of the Alabama river at Selma, and who is there that does not know of her brave fight against Farragut's whole fleet after it had passed the fortifications at the mouth of Mobile Bay? .

If it had been possible for courage and genius to win, with the resources at command, the Confederate would have whipped the fight upon the water, but the task was superhuman. We were not fighting Spaniards then, but men of our own blood, and the odds against us were too great.

In the United States Home Squadron and Potomac flotilla alone, there were 99 ships at once. The Federal vessels in our western rivers were almost without number. The Confederate fighting ships, one after another, were destroyed, many of them as they were nearing completion. So successfully were we building ships at New Orleans, that Admiral Porter, in his naval history, expresses the opinion that if Farragut had been three months later we should have driven the Federal fleets

north, raised the blockade and secured from European governments recognition of the independence of the Confederacy.

In another branch of naval warfare the genius of Confederate naval officers was similarly conspicuous. They developed the use of the torpedo to an extent never before dreamed of. More than forty United States vessels were badly injured or totally destroyed by this weapon. There is no better illustration of Confederate devotion and daring than the history of the "Fish," a little submarine torpedo boat, that was built at Mobile. There, in the first experiment, the little craft failed to rise and buried her crew of eight in the waters. The "Fish" was raised and taken to Charleston. Another crew of nine went down with her and only one escaped. There were volunteers again and the third crew went down, only three escaping. Still there were volunteers; a fourth time the little boat went down and failed to rise. Still another crew volunteered and all were drowned. Out of five crews of eight men each, all but four men had been lost, but the spirit of the Confederates was not yet daunted.

Lieut. Geo. E. Dixon of the Twenty-first Alabama Infantry, begged to be allowed to take out the "Fish" to attack the iron-clad Housatonic that lay off Charleston harbor. Beauregard consented, but only on condition that the boat should not go under water. The conditions were accepted; the Housatonic was destroyed, but Dixon and all his brave crew went down to rise no more.

When wrecks in Charleston harbor were being destroyed, after the close of the civil war, near the Housatonic lay the "Fish." In it were the skeletons of Dixon and his six companions, every man at his post.

In that other field of naval warfare, the destruction of an enemy's commerce, Confederate genius was also resplendent. We had but few cruisers afloat; more than fifty vessels were searching for them; they had no port of refuge; their own ports were blockaded and yet the Geneva Commission found that three of these cruisers had destroyed ships and cargoes of the value of \$15,000,000. Maffitt in the Florida, and Semmes in the Alabama, won immortal fame, and the exploits of Waddell in the Shenandoah will ever be remembered with admiration.

When the flag of the new nation was furled forever upon land, the Shenandoah was far off in the Northern Pacific among American whalers and the last gun for the Confederacy was fired from her deck June 22d, 1865. The Shenandoah found her way to a British port and surrendered to a British Admiral, Nov. 6th, 1865.

To sum up the history of the Confederate Navy it is an almost unbroken record of energy and devotion and genius, making a brave struggle and often almost on the point of succeeding against odds that were absolutely overwhelming.

We build monuments to heroes, prompted by the noblest impulses of the human heart, and that future generations may imitate their example. In performing our sacred duties today let Alabamians rejoice that, as Alabama in the civil war gave Dixon and Semmes and thousands of other brave men to the Confederacy, so now in our war with Spain she has given Richmond Pearson Hobson to the navy and Joseph Wheeler to the army of the United States."

At the conclusion of his speech, so loyal to the past and to the present, containing startling facts for history, Miss Janie Eddins Watts, grand-daughter of War-Governor Watts, (who was also the warm friend of Col. Herbert,) was introduced in a short tribute to the worth of her noble sires and patriotic grandmothers, as most fitly chosen for the occasion. As she recited the following couplet, the crowned figure was revealed:

"The leaf that wreathes the nation's bier  
Wears the white lustre of a tear."

The statue stood unveiled and the anonymous lines carved on the pedestal were repeated in tones of tremulous sweetness:

"The seamen of Confederate fame  
Startled the wondering world;  
For braver fight was never fought,  
And fairer flag was never furled."

The band gave a superb rendition of "La Marsellaise," which thrilled all hearts with its inspiring strains.

The Chairman then introduced Major J. M. Falkner, who was the choice of the ladies to speak for the cavalryman. An eye-witness and participant in many a thrilling event in the lives of the men of flashing blade and knightly plume, Major Falkner brought to the eulogy, a



well-stored memory, an eloquent management of facts and figures, and a heart full of intense admiration for the peerless cavalymen who were likewise the finest horsemen of the world. Having followed General Wheeler in his fearless ride of four long years, he spoke whereof he knew. He said:

*"Ladies and Gentlemen:*

It was an inspiration on the part of the good women of the Ladies' Memorial Association in selecting granite for the statues representing the different arms of the Confederate service; nothing else could so truly represent the courage, the firmness of purpose, the stability and the determination to dare all things in defense of a cause which they believed to be just, and in behalf of which they risked all they had or hoped for in this life. While this granite shall last, the history of their unflinching courage will not die.

I can only speak of the men who came under my own observation, and of the things that I saw myself, and, therefore, will have to content myself in what little I have to say, chiefly with a recital of the operations of Wheeler's Cavalry, having been with it from its organization until the end of the war.

It may be interesting to some of you to know that the very first cavalry attached to what was afterwards known as the Army of the Tennessee, were from Alabama. These consisted of two companies, one commanded by Capt. Bowie, of Talladega, and one commanded by my father, then Capt. Jefferson Falkner. These companies were really ordered out to be sent to Ben McCullough in Missouri, but at the request of Gen. Polk, the orders were countermanded by the War Department, and we were stopped in transit at Corinth, Miss., and a few days afterwards we went to Union City, Tenn., where we were soon joined by a cavalry company commanded by Capt. Cole, of Louisiana. We remained at Union City, at which point several regiments of infantry and several batteries of artillery were camped, until the Federal government sent a gun boat as far south as Hickman, on the Mississippi river, thus disregarding the neutrality of Kentucky; we then moved to Columbus, Ky., the cavalry moving ahead of the trains, protecting bridges, etc. So far as I now remember, these three com-

panies were the only cavalry I saw until about the time of the occupation of Columbus, Ky., at which point other companies and battalions were added from time to time.

Since the days of the Krag-Jorgensen rifle and the Mauser rifle, it has been said that the whole plan of fighting must be changed; that the distance between combatants must be greater than heretofore, and that we would have battles taking place where the distance between contending forces is a thousand yards or more.

What would you think of a body of cavalry today, going out armed only with muzzle-loading shot guns and pistols and sabres, to contend against cavalry armed with Krag-Jorgensen or Mauser carbines? It must not be forgotten that in 1861 the Federal Cavalry were armed with the Burnside carbine and Maynard carbine, and the Colt's repeating rifle, either of which was capable of killing a man more than a mile distant; and yet the majority of the Confederate cavalry, in the beginning, were armed only with muzzle loading shot guns, only a very few of them having pistols and sabres in addition. Yet, with these crude weapons the Confederate cavalry did not hesitate to face the superbly equipped Federal cavalry. Knowing that they stood no chance whatever at long range they adopted at once the tactics of hurling themselves into the midst of the enemy and making the fight as sharp and swift as it was possible to do it. By this method of fighting we found that there were few weapons more effective at short range than a double barreled shot gun loaded with buckshot. It must not be forgotten that every Confederate cavalryman had to furnish his own horse, bridle and saddle, and keep himself mounted during the term of his service. The Confederate government furnished none of these things. When one of our horses was killed there was no market so inviting as the camp of the enemy, and there were few dark, rainy nights in which some Confederate trooper did not furnish himself a mount from the camp of the enemy. And I believe it can be said without successful contradiction, that when the war closed in 1865, more than 50 per cent. of the arms, accoutrement and equipment generally, of the Confederate cavalry bore the imprint of the United States.

These men performed the severest duties. Exposed to all kinds of weather, always moving; without exaggera-

tion, there was scarcely a pig path between the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers, from Cairo, Ill., to Corinth, Miss., that was not traversed by the small bands of cavalry then connected with the army, locating the enemy, ascertaining promptly every move that was made, and not a movement of our own army was made without the presence of this cavalry, always leading the advance, and covering the retreat of our army. They were in hundreds of engagements where men were killed, of which no mention is made in history, but in which engagements, as heroic deeds were performed as any of those ever chronicled in song or story. In the general engagements, as a rule, the cavalry were upon the flanks of our army, and on many occasions assaults were made with a view of turning our flanks, and the cavalry, both on foot and on horse, would contest with the enemy every inch of ground, and history fails to record an instance where the flank of our Army of the Tennessee were ever turned by reason of the cavalry giving away.

Do you recall the battle of New Hope Church? I had the honor, on that occasion, to carry the news to our gallant Kelly, and to the immortal Pat Cleburne, that Hooker's corps was then in the woods, advancing on the line, then held by Wheeler's Cavalry, dismounted, with no entrenchments and breastworks whatever. On that occasion the fight was made principally by Cleburne's Division and Wheeler's Cavalry, and Hooker's corps was driven in confusion from the field, and in this battle more men were left dead upon the field than were killed during the entire war between Spain and the United States.

During the battle of Murfreesboro, Wheeler's Cavalry, more than once, made a complete circuit of Rosecrans' entire army, destroying practically every wagon and team that he had, making it absolutely impossible for Rosecrans to make any attempt to follow Bragg for more than twenty-four hours after Bragg had retreated. I was in the city of Murfreesboro, Tenn., myself, with a squad of cavalry the night after Bragg had retreated therefrom.

I can truthfully say to you from my own observation and experience, that Wheeler's Cavalry fought every branch of the Federal army, including such armored vessels as they had upon the rivers and streams of the coun-

try in which this cavalry was located. For instance, only a short time after the battle of Murfreesboro, Col. William B. Wade, that gallant and noble son of Mississippi, Colonel of the Eighth Confederate Cavalry, to which I was attached, contrary to orders, stole our little regiment away, together with two pieces of artillery from Wiggins' battery, while Wheeler was on a raid in the rear of Nashville, and stationed us upon the banks of the Cumberland, where the snow was not less than a foot deep. Very soon a transport came along, when only a few shots from the small arms were necessary to effect the capture of the vessel. In the course of half an hour another transport came which was captured in like manner. Then a third came, which, after an attempt to run by us, notwithstanding our fire, was also compelled to surrender. It is needless to say that after each boat was tied to the bank a visit was made by details specially made for that purpose to each one of the boats, where an abundance of supplies, both solid and liquid were obtained and enjoyed by the men. Finally a very suspicious smoke was seen up the river and a gunboat hove in sight, commanded by Lieutenant Van Dorn, who at once took in the situation, increased his speed and prepared for action. But he had no sooner come within range of the small arms than volleys were fired into each and every port hole and at the pilot, until they were compelled to surrender, the artillery, at the direction of Colonel Wade, having "fired a salute." Three of these boats, including the gunboat, were burned, and all the prisoners taken from the several boats were placed upon the largest vessel and sent on their way rejoicing. A short time after this I read what purported to be an account of this action in a Southern paper, the headlines of which characterized Wheeler's Cavalry as "Wheeler's Horse Marines."

As the war progressed, and as our men became accustomed to the ways and tactics of the enemy, who would often-times charge upon our outposts immediately upon seeing the picket, with a view of capturing the grand guard or picket reserves, it became seldom that we would lose one of our men in that way. Although it was impossible to mount their horses and form themselves before the enemy would be upon them, each and every man would mount and fly in different directions, in a



few moments rallying again at the proper place. As evidence that this was not the result of demoralization or cowardice, I will tell you of an incident in which one of our Alabama boys, not exceeding 14 years of age, was the principal actor. In front of Luverne, between Murfreesboro and Nashville, a party of the First Alabama Cavalry, which was Clanton's old regiment, was on picket duty on the pike. A battalion of Federal cavalry under a gallant officer came up, and upon approaching our picket post he instructed his men that immediately upon firing of our picket for every man to rush in and capture his man, so that when the picket fired they all came with a yell and a dash. This little boy, with no arms but an old Austrian rifle, and riding a little gray pony, dashed down a lane leading due south, toward where my own command was on picket. The Federal officer, thinking he had a safe thing, selected the boy as his man, and pursued him down the lane for two or three hundred yards. Finally the little fellow leaped off his pony and over the fence. The Colonel dashed up and demanded his surrender, but the little fellow, with his old Austrian rifle resting on a rail and with his finger on the trigger said: "I guess I've got you! I guess I've got you!" Whereupon he made the Colonel drop his pistol and his sword and move off a few yards. He then pulled down the fence and crossed it, putting on the Colonel's sword and pistol, strapping his Austrian rifle on his back and proceeded to march his prisoner to headquarters.

Looking back through thirty-three years, in the light of all I have seen and read, I do not believe that any country in the world's history, before or since, has produced a braver or nobler set of men than those who constituted the Confederate Cavalry. There is, first of all, our own glorious Wheeler, Bedford Forrest, J. E. B. Stewart, Hampton, our own gallant and chivalrous Kelly, our own W. W. Allen, Fitzhugh Lee, Martin, Humes, Van Dorn, Robinson, Chalmers, Hagan, Adams, Armstrong, Ashby, Brewer, Williams, John H. Morgan, Basil Duke, Iverson, Wade, Clanton, John T. Morgan, Roddy, Bufford, Wailes, Prather, our own Tom Brown, Terry and Wharton, Charley Ball and a host of others, good and true men, of whose heroic deeds it would be pleasant to tell you, but time will not permit.

I did not mention the name of poor Clay King. He deserves a better fate. Let me tell you one instance showing the gallantry of this man: At Booneville, Miss., while we were led by General Chalmers, with the Eighth Confederate on the left, Clanton's First Alabama in the center and Wert Adams on the right, we charged upon a force under General Sheridan at Booneville, Miss. Clay King's battalion was left to protect our rear. We had driven the Federal Cavalry away while they were feeding their horses on wheat, and Clay King permitted his men to take the bits out of their horses' mouths and let them turn into the fence corners and feed, while the other forces were fighting in the front. While in this position a column of Federal cavalry charged them in the rear. King then caused his men to mount, without bits in their horses' mouths, and charged the enemy and drove them back.

Happy am I at the recollection of having been associated in those days with such men as the gallant McEl-derry, who fell, with many others, at Varnell Station, near Dalton, in as gallant a charge as was ever made in war. There was Knox Miller, Charley Pollard, Tim Jones, Tom Hannon, David T. Blakey, Warren Reese, Barron, Crommelin, Anderson, Chambliss, Moore, John Clisby, George Allen, Clay Reynolds, Powell, King, Bob Snodgrass, Ed. Ledyard, Pete Mastin, John Leigh, Jim Judkins and hundreds of others whom I remember with pleasure who risked their lives on many bloody fields, and showed to the world what only a Confederate cavalryman could do; and there are hundreds of our comrades whose life blood has made sacred the soil of the South by reason of their having sacrificed their lives in defence of the cause which they believed to be just.

Wheeler's Cavalry was the veritable eyes of the Army of the Tennessee. They were here, there and everywhere; in the enemy's camps, counting their camp fires, their stacks of guns; being able to tell with almost absolute accuracy the number and character of the troops of the enemy and their location, burning wagon trains and destroying bridges, harrassing the enemy in their flanks and rear, and in every conceivable way; always on picket duty, and always between our main army and that of the enemy.

Only a few weeks ago I met a gallant officer, who is

now in the Federal army, who was from Georgia, and who told me that when he was a little boy he saw a charge made by one of Wheeler's cavalry regiments, and that he had never forgotten it. This was the charge made at Cassville, Ga., by the Eighth Confederate Cavalry, in which they captured about 100 wagons, all loaded with army baggage, each having from four to six mules. These were brought safely out, and added very much to the equipment of our own army. In the Sequatchee Valley, according to the best estimate, we captured between 400 and 500 of the enemy's wagon, but which we were compelled to burn.

From time to time there has been much criticism of the cavalry. In some instances it was stated that a visit from them was as disastrous as a visit from the enemy. Doubtless in many instances, this was true, for the simple reason that they had no means of subsistence, except upon the country through which they passed, and as they were always moving away from supply trains and the like, there was no other recourse, except to subsist upon the resources of the country in which they happened to be for the time being.

In these various movements of the cavalry away from our own lines, our men were often shot down and we were compelled to leave them upon the field, and they were never seen again. There is not a State through which this body passed that is not hallowed by the blood of our valiant comrades, and made sacred by the fact that their bones were bleached on, or lie buried in its soil. The cavalry participated in every important engagement of the Army of Tennessee, commencing with Shiloh, April 6th, 1862, and ending in North Carolina in 1865.

Well do I remember the teachings of the gallant and lamented General Bowen, of Missouri. While we were at Camp Beanregard, some twenty-five miles east of Columbus, Ky., in the winter of 1861, when we were threatened with an attack by a very large force of Federals, these three companies that I first mentioned, were addressed by this gallant officer. By order of General Polk, we had been furnished with some old guns, known as "Hall's carbines;" up to that time we had nothing but pistols and sabres. General Bowen told us that these carbines were worthless, that he had tried to get the or-

der sending them to us countermanded, but he said, "We have a chance to get rid of them, and will do it tomorrow. I will only furnish you one round of ammunition to the man," said he, "and I wish you to fire that before you leave camp, and then throw your guns away. After that, depend upon your pistols and your sabres, and you will come out victorious." Acting on his suggestion, we threw the guns away, and from that time the companies composing the Eighth Confederate Regiment were armed only with pistols and sabres, and in the light of our experience, I am sure our efficiency was in no way impaired by not being provided with guns.

When our army left Columbus, Ky., the cavalry was the last to leave that city; when we retreated from Corinth the cavalry was in the rear. As you doubtless remember, as a matter of history, we went as far south as Tupelo, and from there we were transferred to Chattanooga, Tenn. Thence we led the way for Bragg through Kentucky; we fought over practically all the ground leading back through Cumberland Gap to Knoxville, and at many points, until we got to Murfreesboro. There we located at Stewart's Creek, and there is not a foot of land between Stewart's Creek and the outposts of the enemy around Nashville, that was not traversed by this cavalry hundreds of times. When Rosecrans commenced his advance on Murfreesboro, as I now remember, it was six days we fought this army before it came in contact with our infantry. That night, at 12 o'clock, after our horses had been groomed and fed, we left for his rear, and we continued in his rear practically until after Bragg had retreated from Murfreesboro; in fact, Bragg had retreated, leaving only Cleburne's Division, with one or two batteries of artillery and a regiment of cavalry between Murfreesboro and the enemy, leaving Wheeler in the rear of Rosecrans.

Leading back from Murfreesboro to the Tennessee river and in the direction of Chattanooga and Decatur, Ala., every portion of the ground was traversed by Wheeler's Cavalry, and there are but few places where fights did not occur. But why recount these details? From Chattanooga, leading toward Atlanta, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, step by step, town by town, in fact, there was not sufficient to make a respectable farm land between Chattanooga, Tenn., or, I might say,



from Nashville, Tenn., to Savannah, Ga., where Wheeler's Cavalry did not have a fight of some kind. From then to the last days in North Carolina, it was day by day, and every day, losing a man here and yonder, but at the close there was no command that presented a more solid front, or stood more firmly together, boot to boot, than those gallant boys who followed the fortunes of Wheeler from beginning to end.

I believe what I say of Wheeler's Cavalry is also true of Forrest, Hampton, Stewart and all those other gallant leaders of the Lost Cause.

At Thompson's Station, in Tennessee, Wheeler's Cavalry had the honor of capturing one who is now one of the heroes of Santiago, our own distinguished General Shafter, and I believe he was promoted for gallantry on that occasion.

Only a short time before the end, the gallant Shannon, who commanded what was known as "Wheeler's Scouts," captured in one night about seventy-five men who were doing picket duty for General Kilpatrick, and in this way enabled Wheeler to surprise his camp the next morning.

Did you ever see a cavalry charge? Imagine a thousand imps of darkness! a thousand fiends incarnate! drawn up in battle array. In front of them is a line which must be broken. You hear the cannons roar! The bursting of shell! The crashing of the grape and cannister! You see the men with sabre drawn, with eyes flashing fire; every horse with head erect and champing his bit, as though he, too, were conscious of what was about to take place. They start! the trampling of hoofs resembling the roll of distant thunder; first a trot, then a gallop, then they charge with yells and loud huzzas, and, like maniacs, they rush upon the enemy. See the gaps in the lines as the grape and cannister crashes through them; you see them close up, boot to boot. There is no halting, but with a determination to do or die, they rush their steeds ahead; then you hear the roll of musketry, the rattling fire of pistols, the clank of sabres, the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying; in a moment, the vanquished run madly from the field, pursued by the victors, dealing death to their fleeing adversaries. These are the times that try men's souls, and call for heroic action.

From Shiloh to the last days in North Carolina, such scenes as I have here depicted occurred on many occasions, but whether successful or not, the boys who wore the grey, honored it and never faltered, and when the end came there was no better organized command in the entire Confederate Army than Wheeler's Cavalry Corps.

Fellow soldiers, this monument is not complete. We soldiers should add to it a statue showing the most queenly woman of which the human mind can conceive, to represent in her divine ministry, the gentle leader of the most queenly women the world ever saw.. These the grandest, greatest, purest, noblest and best of God's handiwork who went about as did Aunt Sophia Bibb, as ministering angels during that dark period and who never faltered in caring for our sick and wounded, and in giving us courage in every way—to them we are indebted for this and every other monument which has been erected, and for much of the history that has been written. While our best men were slain in that struggle, we saved our jewels, consisting of our women, and our children, and our honor."

Major Falkner then escorted to the statue of the man of horse, Miss Laura Martin Elmore, the gentle representative of more than two fine families, the granddaughter of the public-spirited John Elmore, whose talents were commensurate with his sterling worth and retiring dignity of character. This daughter of Captain Vince Elmore, himself one of the undaunted, an exemplar of the time, was chosen to crown the equestrian statute with these words:

"Pause, ye who seek the noblest bier,  
And wreath the laurel garland here."

Then followed her winsome recitation of Francis O. Tichnor's finest stanza of one of the finest lyrics of the war:

"The knightliest of the knightly race,  
Who, since the days of old,  
Have kept the lamp of chivalry  
Alight in hearts of gold."

Miss Gorman then sang "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and young and old joined in the chorus, which was almost lost in tears.

Col. A. A. Wiley, a typical hero of the late Spanish-American war, likewise having seen service as a youth in the more romantic episode of the century, laying aside the uniform of the present in gallant consideration of the memorial occasion, arose as a simple cavalier to represent Capt. J. H. Clisby, Mayor of the city, whose illness prevented his participation in the presentation of the monument, in behalf of the Ladies' of the Memorial Association, to Gov. Johnston, for the State. The queenly offering was gracefully tendered as follows:

### COL. WILEY'S SPEECH.

Col. A. A. Wiley said :

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies of the Memorial Association and Fellow-Citizens :*

If there be one privilege dearer to us than the rest, it is to do honor to the dead; to wreath a bright chaplet about the broken urn as a tender expression of that sympathy too delicate for human utterance.

The history of a nation is in the memory of her sons. Her palladium is in their hearts. The annals of our race record affecting instances of the overthrow of mighty nationalities, whose people have been driven under the galling yoke, led into cheerless captivity or exiled to foreign shores, there in their sorrow and sadness to mourn over warriors slain, cities sacked and liberties crushed. How touching the conduct of Israel's children, when, upon the oppressor's soil, they hung their harps upon the willows and refused to sing, saying: "How can we sing the Lord's songs in a strange land?"

Since the hour of man's first disobedience, when he was expelled from the green depths and scented bowers of an eastern garden he has drawn his best inspirations and holiest aspirations from woman. She has adorned his whole career. As she was first, so will she be the last apostle of liberty. To that unselfish influence for good, which the brave, true-hearted daughters of the South have never failed to exert, are we indebted this day for this beautiful monument, so tenderly expressive of love for a cause that was lost, as well as for the loyal men, who were willing to battle, and, if need be, to die in upholding their convictions of duty and right.

In that fearful struggle, our noble Southern women cheerfully sent forth their fathers, husbands, sons, brothers and loved ones, to go down for God and country, into the dark valley of death. Like ministering angels they followed in the red path of war to stop the fast ebbing of the crimson life-tide, or to hold a cup of cold water to the burning lips of the wounded and dying. They visited the dangerous hospital to bless and to cheer. They had ever kind words for the weak and despondent, gentle acts for the sick and suffering, sweet tears for the dead and dying, and tender sympathy for the widowed and bereft. Thank God for the glorious women who dwell in this golden Southland!

We are told by the wise man that "there is a time to kill and a time to heal; a time to break down and a time to build up; a time of war and a time of peace." It is not strange or unnatural that the two sections of this great country should have quarreled and fought. In the order and nature of things discord was inevitable. National discontent results from conflicting interests. With jarring interests come clashing opinions, which oftentimes are irreconcilable except by the arbitrament of the sword; for a courageous man, or nation of men, unconvinced, cannot honorably yield to anything short of physical force; but when that is over, the manly mind forgets and the generous heart forgives.

The Southern soldier fought to repel invasion, to defend his altars, to protect his fireside. Truth is not to be determined by success, nor is justice to be measured by a failure to maintain her cause in the case of unequal odds. The only real liberator is truth; and she makes none free but those who strive to strike off their own fetters. Heroism derives its lustre from the motive which prompts men to display courage and fortitude in a righteous cause. Upon the tomb of the slain heroes of Thermopylae is epitaphed this splendid tribute to their valor and patriotism:

"Stranger, go tell at Lacedaemon  
That we lie here in obedience to her laws."

That illustrious Spartan band, who fell at that narrow mountain pass, were not more sublimely brave in opposing the armed battalions of an invading force, than were the valiant boys in grey, who perished in with-



standing the overwhelming numbers of hostile intruders, who were driven on madly against us by the fury of sectional hate.

More than a third of a century ago, Jefferson Davis, standing on the front portico of our State Capitol, took the oath of office, and delivered his inaugural address as the first and only President of the Confederate States. Since that memorable event, both he and his people have met disaster and misfortune, felt calamity and sorrow, and witnessed carnage and death.

'Tis said that the Black Mountain of Bember is situated at the extremity of the burning territory of Lahore. He who climbs it sees before him only barren rocks; but when he has struggled to its top, he beholds Heaven above his head, and at his feet the rich kingdom of Cashmere. Our grand old Chieftain had toiled up the rugged heights of a terrible conflict, and for many long and dread years had borne, vicariously, the grievous burden which "The Lost Cause" entailed. He came forth from his voluntary retirement to visit his Capitol again. How different his purpose, on that occasion, from what it was when he first heard the glad acclaims of the people hailing him ruler of that young, storm-rocked nation, whose brilliant achievements dazzled the world. From the summit of an honorable life, high above the tongue of calumny, he could look down once more upon an eager throng of "fair women and brave men." He did not appear upon those interesting scenes to assume the reins of authority—to sway the destinies of government. No, no! He came to discharge a sacred duty,—to participate in the interesting ceremonies incident to the laying of the corner stone of this magnificent monument, designed to honor those Alabamians who went forth in obedience to the sovereign command of their native State, and died upon "the perilous edge of battle" while the Southern cross was gleaming.

In a hamlet called Burgh-upon-Sands stands a monument erected to the memory of Edward the First, under whose bold and crafty policy began those civil dissensions which drenched Scotland in blood. Upon that fatal spot the hand of Providence overtook him as he was leading from England across the border a victorious army with which to complete the subjugation of Scotland. But for the associations clustering about it, the

field of Bannockburn would, doubtless, have remained a fameless turf. It was in sight of this tomb—this great landmark of national freedom—that an enterprise was set on foot, second to none, either in honor or importance, since the day the immortal Bruce stabbed the Red Comyn, and grasped with his yet bloody hand the independent crown of Scotland.

That monument serves a two-fold purpose. It perpetuates the injustice inspired by English tyranny, and commemorates the glory achieved by Scottish valor.

Yon splendid monument, of bronze and stone, reared by the patriotic women of Alabama, on this historic hill, to the memory of the Southern soldier, has likewise a double object;—one to tell posterity his valor in arms, patience under trial, fortitude under suffering; the other to keep alive forever the glorious principles of liberty, for which Lee fought and for which Stonewall Jackson fell.

And now, at the close of these interesting exercises and ceremonies, permit me to say, that I am commissioned by the Mayor and City Council of Montgomery, in their name and by their authority, formally and solemnly, to present this monument, built upon the soil and property of the Commonwealth, in all its grandeur and imposing beauty, to the Chief Executive of Alabama. To your keeping, Governor Johnston, as the guardian and custodian of the best and most sacred interests of the State, I commit this trust. Cherish and protect it; and with the valuable aid and loving assistance of the Ladies' Memorial Association keep it in good and safe condition throughout the coming years."

The Governor, albeit appreciative of the honor tendered him, graciously delegated the act of acceptance to his Private Secretary, Mr. Chappel Cory. Out of the abundance of his varied store of knowledge and his possession of a rare repertoire of words, choice was made of the simplest manner of expression and brevity became the soul of eloquence.

Mr. Cory said:

*"Mrs. Bibb and Ladies of the Memorial Association,  
Mr. Mayor, ladies and gentlemen:*

Through your devoted labor and patriotism this memorial has been reared upon the grounds of the State, and with this last act of consecration your work is complete. It remains now for the State to accept it at your hands, and to guard the sacred trust through the passing years, an inspiration and a blessing to the people in their generations as they come and go. Deputed by the Governor to perform this pleasing but solemn duty and speaking in his stead, on behalf of the great people who make the State, I accept it for them as a shrine where their patriotism will never forget to pay its worship. Let us remember, according to the inscription on its base, this monument has been secured and consecrated by the women of Alabama a memorial to the heroism of all our soldiers and sailors, of those who are living, of those who are dead. That devotion to duty which marked the shining pathway of the Confederate soldiers and sailors to their own undying fame, is not merely a glorious episode of the past, a thing for memory and for epitaphs, but in the persons of those who survive is still a living and a breathing claim on our gratitude and reverence. As the State and people shall honor and cherish them, so shall this pile of stone and bronze be not a tribute which we have gathered to feed our vanity and pride, but a blessed emblem and outward show of what is in our heart of hearts."

Again a sad sweet air, "The Last Roll Call," floated on the breeze and a beautiful *tableaux-vivant* arose, as if the spirits of 1861-65 had materialized from the mists of the past. Thirteen young girls, representing the thirteen States of the Confederacy, attired in spotless white, with grey uniform caps, bright crimson sashes and the badges of their various States, as sent by the Governors of the same for the occasion, appeared as follows:

South Carolina—Miss Jean Craik.

Mississippi—Miss Maggie Crommelin.

Florida—Miss Joscelyn Fisher Ockenden.

Alabama—Miss Rebecca Pollard.

Georgia—Miss Katie Burch.

Louisiana—Miss Sarah H. Jones.  
 Texas—Miss Mattie Thorington.  
 Virginia—Miss Caroline Hannon.  
 Arkansas—Miss Mamie Holt.  
 North Carolina—Miss Eliza Arrington.  
 Tennessee—Miss Mattie Gilmer Bibb.  
 Missouri—Miss Alabama Brown.  
 Kentucky—Miss Martha E. Bibb.

These young women were representatives of old families and were grouped around the tattered battleflag of the Sixtieth Alabama Regiment, in the hands of the central figure of "The Southern Confederacy," represented by Miss Sadie Robinson, who was dressed in deep mourning, the only note of color being the thirteen stars that crowned her jet-black hair. Miss Robinson was the niece of the late devoted Secretary, Miss Jeannie Crommelin, and standing thus in the strikingly fair circle, she recited Father Ryan's immortal poem, "Furl that Banner," in perfect taste and deep feeling, which held all hearers spell-bound. Intense silence reigned until broken by "Taps" blown by Capt. Courtney, on the clarionet, as if the sad parting hymn of dying day. Slowly the picture became a dissolving scene and their fair wraiths of the Southern Confederacy were lost to sight. The Rev. Dr. Eager pronounced the benediction. The Montgomery Field Artillery fired salutes—the unveiling was over.

It stands revealed, a thing of beauty and grace, the work of Woman, the pride of the State, commemorative of man's truth to his convictions and woman's gratitude.

It is gratifying to note that home talent has been largely patronized. True, Alexander Doyle may proudly claim to be the original designer and sculptor, but the Monument was erected by Curbow & Clapp, of our city. When death stopped the work in the hands of this firm, Mr. Oliver Clapp was entrusted with the fulfilment of the contract, and proved worthy of the trust by conscientious completion. The stone was supplied from our own quarries by I. L. Fossick, of Sheffield, Ala. The granite statutes were furnished by the Curbow-Clapp Marble Company, and chiseled by F. Barnicoat, of Quincy, Mass. But the photographs submitted for selection, not exactly meeting the ideals of the ladies, the sketches inspired by their suggestions and furnished for the figures



representing the four branches of the service, were modeled by the graceful and skillful pencil of Mr. J. C. Doud, a Montgomery artist of superior talent on many lines.

It is finished, but as long as time endures the hearts of Southern women will find work for faithful hands to do in the Annual Memorial offering and in the preservation of sacred memories. The Ladies' Memorial Association is already engaged in raising funds for the erection of a Monument to those Alabamians who fought and fell on the field of Chickamauga.

The regiment of our own gallant Oates has an iron tablet already there, but we wish to add another.

The present officers are :

Mrs. M. D. Bibb, President.

Mrs. C. J. Hausman, Vice-President.

Mrs. I. M. Porter Ockenden, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Executive Committee is: Mrs. J. W. A. Sanford, Sr., Mrs. Leon Wyman, Mrs. T. Arrington, Mrs. T. G. Jones, Mrs. Frank Duncan, Mrs. P. H. Gayle—six noble women.

During its thirty-four years' existence the Ladies' Memorial Association has had two Presidents, Mrs. Judge B. S. Bibb, who served twenty-one years, and her daughter, Mrs. Martha Dandridge Bibb, who has served thirteen, up to present date; four Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Judge Phelan, Mrs. Dr. Baldwin, Mrs. John Elmore and Mrs. C. J. Hausman, the present incumbent. The trio preceding her have shed additional lustre on the honorable names of Phelan, Baldwin, Elmore, names embalmed not only in the lives of brave men, but the heartbeats of self-sacrificing women. The office now honors and is honored by one whose fine mind and kind heart is warmed by the blood of a race noted for its charities. The Association has had nine Secretaries; Mrs. Dr. W. O. Baldwin, Rev. S. D. Cox, Asst. Mrs. Virginia Hiliard, Miss Bettie Bell, Miss Mamie Graham, Mrs. Rosa Gardner, Miss Jeannie R. Crommelin, Mrs. I. M. P. Ockenden. Five Treasurers, Mrs. Hannon, Mrs. Wm. Ware, Mrs. Geo. Holmes, Miss Jeannie R. Crommelin, Mrs. I. M. P. Ockenden.

It is worthy of mention herein that no officer or member of this Association has ever made a charge or received any pecuniary compensation for any labor performed. From the first dollar ever placed in the Treasury to the last, it has been a work of love.

If the deathless spirits of those who have passed away, return to this earth which has been their Home, we know that when the sound of footsteps had ceased to fall on Capitol Hill at the eventide of that eventful day, fair angels came, following one sweet soul who led them in their ministrations to the suffering in the dark days of the sixties.

These gathered the flitting breaths of flowers, the wondrous power of words, the sounds of music and of sweet voices; the beautiful influences of loving lives, of blessed smiles; of holy toil, of sublime sacrifice and bore all heavenward to add to the eternal harmonies of the Universe.

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## PERSONALS.

The four young ladies representing the four branches of the service, who crown statues and recite inscriptions:

Miss C. T. Raoul, for the Infantry.

Miss Raoul is of distinguished French and American lineage, a lady of rare scholarly attainments and superior talents as a linguist and a writer of prose and verse. The inscription on the base of the pedestal which upholds the statue of infantry is from her own versatile pen. She has been selected for the pleasing task, not for her revolutionary descent nor for her marked genius nor for her many services to the Ladies' Memorial Association, but because she wears the proud distinction of having fired the first gun which announced the secession of Alabama!

Miss Lena Hausman:

The artillery statue has been chosen for this young lady, as a compliment to her great personal worth and in honor of her noble mother. Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Hansman, were notable during the four years' struggle for a loyalty to the cause and a generous support which can never be forgotten. On this occasion Miss Hausman represents her mother, the Vice-President of the Ladies' Memorial Association. She was President of the Hebrew Hospital Association during the war and displayed the same loyalty and devotion that characterizes her work in the Ladies' Memorial Association, which she has loved to serve in any and every

way her great heart has found, in her official capacity, or as a working member. Devoted to the Confederacy, she maintained an unflagging interest in the time-honored Association. Mrs. Hausman is widely known as one of the most charitable ladies of the many of whom Montgomery can boast. It is indeed fitting that her daughter, a noble scion of a noble race, should represent her, on this day of rejoicing in the completion of a work, where hers has been a faithful hand.

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Miss Janie Eddins Watts, who represents the Navy, which "startled the wondering world," is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Watts. Her father inherited the name as well as legal ability of his distinguished father. Her mother is a patriotic daughter of Mrs. M. J. Eddins, who was for years the President of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Tuscaloosa, and after long and devoted service, is still faithful to Confederate memories. The benevolent and kindly heart of Gov. T. H. Watts has ceased to beat, but this selection of his grand daughter proves that in Southern hearts, his memory is cherished. He entered the service of the Confederacy as Colonel of the gallant Seventeenth Alabama, and became the magnetic leader who, already noted at the bar, was called from this active field service to the high position of Attorney-General of the Confederate States. This he filled with extraordinary ability and in turn relinquished at the call of his State to become the famous war Governor of Alabama. He was one of the most popular men and ablest lawyers the State has produced. He was called by Judge B. F. Porter, Chairman of the Committee of the Southern Historical Society, formed at Richmond, Va., to become President of the Society, for the preservation of material for Southern History and the memory of those who fell in the service of the State, which position he occupied until its labors were suspended under military rule. As a tribute to this noted grandsire who was the intimate friend of President Davis and stood with General Gordon by his side, when he laid the corner stone of the Confederate Monument, it is peculiarly appropriate that this graceful representative of so prominent a family, and the Vice-President of the Girls' Memorial Association should be chosen from among his fair grand daughters to honor the name she bears.

Miss Laura Martin Elmore, for the Cavalry, is the daughter of Major and Mrs. V. M. Elmore, who are equally devoted to Confederate memories. Her father was one of the bravest of the brave, of the regiment of the lamented Col. James H. Clanton. His mind is a store house of thrilling incidents in the lives of his brave leader and heroic comrades. The Elmore's have been notable not only for intellectuality, professional ability and social worth, but for hearty co-operation and faithful service in Confederate history. On this occasion, Miss Elmore is called specially to represent her lovely grandmother, Mrs. John Elmore, who was one of the Vice-Presidents of the L. M. A., notable in a large circle of admiring friends, for her intellectual gifts and personal charm, which contributed so greatly to the success of the Association in its labors to preserve the sacred memories she cherished. Her services can never be forgotten. Miss Elmore's maternal ancestor, Capt. George Hails, went heart and soul into the support of the cause of the struggling Confederacy and not only made a proud record for himself and descendants, as a fearless soldier, but his magnificent generosity was unlimited in contributions to every effort which promoted the welfare of the South or the comfort of the suffering. Her paternal grandfather, John Elmore, was a man of wonderful legal ability, varied talent and sturdy patriotism. Her great-grandfather, Capt. Robert Hails, was an officer in the Legion of Light Horse Harry Lee, during the Revolutionary War. With such ancestral records, it is most appropriate that this winsome representative should be chosen to honor Mrs. John Elmore, one of the first Vice-Presidents of the L. M. A.

The fair fourteen vestal maidens who represented the Southern Confederacy and the thirteen virgin States—the thirteen stars of the Confederate Flag borne by the Confederate States in the order in which they seceded:

#### “THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.”

Miss Sadie Robinson, who recited “The Conquered Banner,” by the poet-priest of Alabama, Father Ryan, is of prominent families of French Huguenot extraction, and represents on this red-letter day, her aunt, Miss Jennie Ross Crommelin of noble blood and noble heart, the



late beloved and accomplished Secretary and Treasurer of the Ladies' Memorial Association, whose devotion to its every interest ended only in death. Herself of revolutionary descent traceable to the days when New York was a village and Alabama, the haunt of the Indian, she had much for which to be proud, but no more modest Southern lady has ever given time, means, talents and devotion to the Association. Her proudest desire was to honor the cause for which her brave brothers, John and Henry Crommelin, fought, as boy soldiers, and to see the Monument finished for which she had toiled so many years. It will be seen that Miss Robinson thus pays tribute at the shrine of her country, to the memory of her gallant uncles and to the memory of her aunt, Miss Jennie Ross Crommelin. This family, one of the first of the Huguenots who came to this country, has been eminent for adherence to principle from Colonial and Revolutionary times down to the present day. To the Confederacy they generously contributed out of their abundant means and her uncle, our excellent ex-Mayor John Crommelin, who entered the service, before he was of age, fought to the bitter end, when the flag of the South was sadly furled. No member of our Association has ever been truer, with willing hands and graceful pen than Miss Jeannie Crommelin, whose memory will be kept forever green by her loving associates.

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"First gallant South Carolina," is represented by Miss Jean Craik, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Craik. Her father is a Kentuckian. His family served their country during the Revolution and has been ever true to the principles handed down from generation to generation. Her paternal ancestor, Dr. Craik, was the family physician of General Washington.

She is the granddaughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wm. O. Baldwin. The latter, who Miss Craik specially represents, was the first Secretary of the Ladies' Memorial Association, whose faithful and able services are fondly remembered. No one has been more true. Her devotion to the cause was intensified by the sad fate of her young and gifted son, Capt. Wm. O. Baldwin, who entered the army from school, served with desperate heroism and fell on the breastworks of Franklin while gallantly leading his company. Mrs. Baldwin did everything in her power to

promote the influence of the Association. Although in feeble health for many years, her interest never waned and she remained unto death, faithful to the sacred memories, perpetuated by the organization which she adorned by her superior qualities of mind and character. Her maternal ancestor, Judge Abram Martin, of a family of Martins, distinguished for a high order of talent and for patriotic zeal, held important position and won a wide reputation as a jurist. In herself, Miss Craik, "the bonnie Jean," albeit so young, gives evidence of traits of character which make her a most fitting selection to personate the courageous and independent little State of South Carolina, whose badge she wears. But this honor is tendered her in special memory of her grandmother, our Secretary, whose efficient service, lofty worth and untiring devotion, is so affectionately cherished by her old associates and friends of the Ladies' Memorial Association.

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Close in her wake came Mississippi, which is personated by Miss Maggie Crommelin. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crommelin. Her father entered the service of the Confederacy in early youth and made a proud record as a soldier which has been equalled, not surpassed by his worth as a citizen. Her mother, as the beautiful Miss Lucy Metcalf, has rendered highly valued assistance to the Ladies' Memorial Association. Her aid, beginning in early girlhood and continuing up to the present time, is greatly prized. Her maternal, as well as paternal uncles, already noted herein, were conspicuous for gallantry. William and John Metcalf were models of courage in the defense of the principles for which they so bravely fought. Thus patriotism must needs be the heritage of one who descends from two such families as the Metcalfs and Crommelins. Naturally gentle in heart and pleasing in manner, this heroic strain makes her a worthy as well as lovely personator of Mississippi, so long the home of our beloved President Davis—a State which loved and suffered much, whose badge could not be more worthily worn than by sweet Maggie Crommelin.

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The Land of Flowers, fair Florida, has sent her State seal and kindly greetings to Miss Joscelyn Ockenden,

whose earliest memories are of its pearly lakes and ever-green groves. She is the personification of youth and health and may well be sought to represent De Leon's land of promise and perpetual life. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albion Ockenden. On the paternal side, her father is a grand nephew of the brave young Capt. Wolfe, the hero of the heights of Abraham, scenes of whose tragic life and death in the bloody conflicts of American history, are recorded in bronze in Westminster Abbey. Her middle name comes from her ancestor, Admiral Fisher of the British Admiralty. Not to represent these historic sires has she been chosen, but accepts the honor for her mother, the daughter of Judge and Mrs. B. F. Porter, who founded in their own home, the Soldier's Rest, from which grew the private hospital which became the Confederate Hospital in Greenville, Ala. Judge Porter, as learned as kind, was Colonel commanding the post; organized the Soldier's Aid Society, and Mrs. Porter served four years as matron, establishing "The Wayside Table," which was daily spread at the station, from the beginning to the end of the war, free of charge to the Confederate soldiers. Three sons were given to the army, one of whom found death in the last ditch at Franklin, and another from service on an errand of mercy; the third was captured while running the last train of supplies for the Confederate army. No family gave more to the sacred cause nor was more widely known for benevolence and love of native land. Joscelyn Fisher Ockenden, as Florida, pays this tribute to her mother's people. The Porters and Henrys of Butler are closely connected, the latter being related to Patrick Henry, of Virginia.

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Miss Rebecca Pollard, the fair representative of our beloved State of Alabama, is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Charles Pollard. Her father entered the war at 19 years of age, was a youthful and gallant soldier throughout those stormy days. His brother, John Pollard, was slain while in fearless conflict with the foe. Her mother is the daughter of Major Sam Marks, who was not only one of the bravest of soldiers, but he and his family in all its different branches, gave with almost princely munificence to the support of the cause they served from the first gun to the last. Major Marks

equipped a company at his own expense. Many a suffering soldier and needy family shared the bounty of this brave veteran and his family. The Pollards were likewise noted for those sterling traits which placed them among the best citizens. Mr. Charles Pollard was President of the first railroad in Alabama. The Pollard and Marks branches are fitly joined in the fair maiden of their name and blood, who has been selected by an association which loves to honor womanly virtue, good and generous citizenship, as well as valiant patriotism. Mr. C. T. Pollard was aid-de-camp on the staff of General Allen, fought through the war and surrendered only when all was lost. Her nneles were equally brave, one entering the army at seventeen. Could we choose a better representative to wear the colors?

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The progressive State of Georgia is most worthily personated by Miss Katy Burch, whose parents and grandparents are identified with the history of the State to whose prosperity they have largely contributed. Her mother has been a proud member of the Ladies' Memorial Association for years. But she comes to honor those who have passed away. She is the granddaughter of Hon. A. B. Clitherall, who was Private Secretary to President Davis and afterwards Secretary of the Confederate Congress, a man of distinguished legal ability and varied talents. In this fair galaxy she is the representative of her maternal relative, Mrs. Eliza Moore, the patriotic grandmother of Mrs. Gov. T. G. Jones, one of the most devoted of women. She was a useful member of the Ladies' Aid Society during the war, which was established for furnishing the soldiers with necessities and comforts where she and other noble ladies worked with deft and willing fingers. Her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Clitherall, has been an honored member of the Association for many years. This talented young girl worthily represents a brilliant family, which gave brave men and fair women to the cause still served devotedly.

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Louisiana's historic star will be worn by a young and lovely patriot, Miss Sarah H. Jones. She is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. W. B. Jones. Her father fought bravely from the beginning to the end and bears the honorable scars of battle on many a hard-fought field and



has been true to Confederate memories, with touching loyalty. After the disastrous end came, he became as active in the restoration of order. He was a member of the Monumental Committee, and was one of the first subscribers of \$100 to the Monument. Her mother, the daughter of Mr. Wm. Ray and his good wife, has rendered highly valued help to the Ladies' Memorial Association. They have reared a family which could not be otherwise than true to those great principles which become a priceless heritage, greater than gold and lands. She will charmingly personate a great Southern State.

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The badge of the Lone Star State of Texas is bestowed on Miss Mattie Thorington, the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Wm. Thorington. Her father was one of the brave young cadets who left the University of Alabama to fight for the South and continued in service until all was over. He now occupies the high position of Dean of the State University. Her grandfather, Col. Jack Thorington, commanded a regiment in the famous Hilliard's Legion, was eminent for legal lore and devoted love of country, which has been an inheritance in the family. Her maternal grandfather, Judge Wm. P. Chilton, was a profound lawyer and jurist. Texas will be proud of this selection in her honor, for Miss Thorington inherits the beauty, intellect and patriotism of her gifted kinsmen and women. Mention must here be made of her relative, Mrs. Sarah Herron, whose work in the Ladies' Hospital won from Mrs. Sophie Bibb the title of Florence Nightingale.

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The old Dominion is worthily represented by Miss Caroline Hannon, the daughter of the late beloved Capt. and Mrs. Thomas Hannon. No braver and truer man ever fought for native land than her father, one of the veterans whose devotion to its memories was unsurpassed. Her mother was Miss Sarah Gilmer, whose ancestry has been noted in the history of Virginia, Georgia and other States. Her relative, Gov. Walker Gilmer, was Governor of Virginia and Secretary of the Navy, a member of the cabinet of President Tyler. Her grandmother was first Treasurer of the L. M. A., devoted to its interests and work, one of the gentlest Christian characters in Montgomery, beloved

by every one who knew her. These ceremonies would be incomplete without honoring her in the lovable person of Miss Caroline Hannon.

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Arkansas—Miss Mamie Holt, who thus honors this great State, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Holt. Her father was a brave Confederate officer. Her mother is the daughter of noble Mrs. Dr. Bellinger, who gave two buildings on Bellinger Heights for the accommodation of soldiers. These were used for a hospital until larger quarters were needed and the Ladies' Hospital was established in the city. Her gentle ministrations ended not there; she was noted for her devotion to Confederate charities and all "the sweet courtesies of life," which made her a fitting wife for the courtly Dr. Bellinger, whose heart was ever true to his country. The family is of an aristocratic line of Huguenot extraction, prominent in colonial times and in the history of the Confederacy. A touching incident is related of her grandfather, which is eloquent of his sentiments. He exclaimed, on meeting President Davis: "Let me clasp the hand that was manacled for us!"

Such are the ancestors of Miss Holt, who is the representative of her gentle grandmother.

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North Carolina is appropriately presented by Miss Eliza Arrington, the fair daughter of Judge and Mrs. T. W. Arrington. Her father was the gallant Colonel of the Thirty-first Alabama, whose kindness of nature won the lasting friendship of his men. He was judge of the City Court, in which office he served up to the close of his life. Her mother has always been a useful and most devoted member of the L. M. A. Miss Arrington is the granddaughter of Judge George Goldthwaite, who was Adjutant-General of the State, a man of remarkable intellectuality. Having been educated at West Point, he was an efficient and indefatigable officer of State and was the first United States Senator elected after the war. He also served the Confederacy as Assistant Secretary of War. Miss Arrington is thus appropriately chosen to wear the badge of North Carolina, whence came so many distinguished relatives. To her youth and sweetness of character is united patriotic virtues. Four of the Goldthwaite brothers fought for us. Mr. Robert Goldthwaite still wears the wounds of honor.

Tennessee is most fitly represented by Miss Mattie Gilmer Bibb, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Bibb. Her father is one of our most popular and successful physicians. Her mother is the daughter of Gov. J. D. Porter of Tennessee. She is the granddaughter of Mrs. Martha Dandridge Bibb, President of the Ladies Memorial Association, and of Col. Jos. B. Bibb, of the Twenty third Alabama, who fought from the beginning to the end of the war with unparalleled devotion to a cause which he loved better than life itself, for which he died of wounds received in battle. Such was his conspicuous gallantry that when the regiments were consolidated with his, an application was immediately forwarded by his commanding General for his promotion to Brigadier-General. He was only prevented from receiving this appointment by the close of the war. On his ancestor, John Lewis' tomb in Virginia, is inscribed: "He gave five sons to fight the battles of his country." The Lewises and Gilmers have remained true to the principles handed down to them by noble sires. Her grandsire, "Wm. B. Gentleman," is thus quaintly recorded in the records of the House of Burgesses and the convention of 1775-76, a member of the Committee of Liberty. She is also the great granddaughter of Mrs. Sophie Bibb, the gentle heroine who still lives in the hearts of Confederates, who was President of the Ladies' Hospital, which, in the words of her personal friend, President Davis, was the best managed hospital in the Confederacy. On the maternal side Mattie Gilmer Bibb is the granddaughter of Gov. James D. Porter, who was Adjutant-General on the staff of General Cheatham, distinguished in Confederate service, was Governor of Tennessee two terms, First Assistant Secretary of State during the first administration of Cleveland and Minister to Chili during the second. Since his return Governor Porter has devoted his brilliant pen to presenting the history of the Confederate soldiers in Tennessee, and is a prominent factor in the distribution of the Peabody Fund. His proudest and tenderest memories are of a dear young brother, Lieut. C. T. Porter, who gallantly served and died in the Confederate Navy. Such is the blood that courses in the youthful frame of Mattie Gilmer Bibb, who will wear the badge of Tennessee with winsome grace.

Kentucky is personated by the beautiful President of the first and only Girl's Memorial Association, which has ever been organized. Martha E. Bibb is of distinguished ancestry. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Bibb. Her mother is a highly cultivated lady of literary taste and ability. Her father was one of the heroes of Cheshaw, the kinsman of Judge George M. Bibb, who so ably represented the State she honors, in the United States Senate, and was made Secretary of the Treasury. She is the niece of Lieutenant Richard Bibb, who, inspired by youthful patriotism, left the University of Alabama, while a cadet, entered the First Alabama, served with signal gallantry that received rapid promotion to lieutenantcy, and alas, was killed fighting bravely while the bloom of young manhood was yet on his beardless face! Governor Bradley sent a badge and the seal of Kentucky, with the request that it be worn by the handsomest lady in the galaxy. Miss Martha E. Bibb had already been selected for the fair State of her honored kinsman, and the Governor's badge could not be worn more gracefully than by her, who is one of the fairest of fair Alabamians.

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Missouri is personated by Miss Alabama Brown, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Whiting Brown. She is the granddaughter of Col. Thomas Brown, who was killed at Woodsonville, Ky., and afterwards brought to Montgomery for reinterment. The sword taken from his body by a Federal officer was returned to the family and contains the mark of the precious blood of the Southern patriot. Her paternal ancestress, Mrs. John Whiting, gave woman's faithful service to the Confederacy. Her grandmother, Mrs. Walter Jackson, who she represents as one of the first members of the Ladies' Memorial Association, was devoted to its purposes as long as she lived. Her memory is lovingly cherished by its members, and a large circle of friends. She also represents Mrs. Virginia Whiting Hilliard, who was an accomplished Secretary of the Ladies' Memorial Association, until her removal to Tennessee. Missouri has a comely and fitting maid to wear her badge and star.



These personals would be incomplete without special mention of Mrs. Sophie Bibb, whose ancestry is closely connected with the colonial and Revolutionary history of the United States, and whose own life was so much a part of the annals of the Confederacy that it cannot be passed over silently, when we unveil a Monument to the Confederate soldiers of Alabama. She was the granddaughter of General Thomas Lewis, the intimate personal friend and neighbor of Washington, whose family was so prominent in colonial history and whose wisdom and talent assisted in organizing the present government of the United States. This noble descendant of four Governors and the illustrious families which have served so bravely from the formation of our colonies, in the records of Virginia, Georgia and other States, had the proud satisfaction of seeing the Bibbs and Gilmers rallying around the flag of the Confederacy. She was a sister of Gov. Geo. E. Gilmer, of Georgia, a near relative of Gov. Walker Gilmer, of Virginia, Secretary of the Navy. Tracing her lineage to the Washingtons, Lewises and Gilmers, she might well have been proud, but no sweeter and more womanly character graces the long list of the brave women of the civil war. Her patriotic devotion was intense, and she was probably the best known woman in the Confederacy, from having under her tender care soldiers from all parts of the South, who still reverently speak of her with affectionate gratitude. When she could no longer work for the Confederacy, she devoted herself to the removal of the dead of Alabama from distant battlefields and erecting headstones over them. This accomplished, in her faithful heart was the desire to erect a monument to their memory, for which was founded the Ladies' Memorial Association, of which she was the honored and beloved President until death stilled her loving heart! She was best beloved for her sweet womanliness and Christian consideration for the feelings of others and can never be forgotten in the South.

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Mrs. Martha Dandridge Bibb, widow of Col. Joseph B. Bibb, who was one of the bravest of Southern patriots up to the time of his death and left that love of country as a legacy to his sons whom he proudly taught the true construction of the Constitution, and the right of seces-

sion for which he and his comrades fought. Mrs. M. D. Bibb is eminent for patriotic zeal, as an inheritance from the mother she so fondly loves and who she succeeded as President of the Ladies' Memorial Association. The work so ably performed by Mrs. Sophie Bibb and the purpose to which she devoted her declining years could not have been more faithfully executed than they have been through all these years by her gifted daughter. She has been untiring in her work for the Memorial Association, and the perpetuation of the holy memories to which the Confederate Monument is consecrated. She dutifully attributes her success in the work to the blessed memories of her sainted mother. But there is more, for she has brought to this labor of love, rare executive ability and magnetic charm which has contributed largely to obtaining three appropriations from the State and imparted enthusiasm to her associates in the cause, without whom she declares she could have done nothing. The unveiling of the Confederate Monument is one of the proudest days of her life.

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